

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE EMPIRE GIVES UP SOMETHING

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BRAVE SAD TALE OF THE SEA

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN A BRITISH SHIP FOUNDERED

The Men Were Splendid But
What of the Law?

PARLIAMENT'S LOOPHOLE FOR DANGER

Behind the story of the Newcastle steamer Usworth, which foundered in a December hurricane in the North Atlantic, lies another tale.

Ten of her crew were rescued with unflinching heroism by two other ships, the Belgian Jean Jadot and the Cunard Ascania, which stood by the Usworth in that terrible sea. The Jean Jadot arrived first, and the crew of the Usworth tried to make contact with her by life-lines and to rig makeshift steering-gear to replace that which had broken down.

Blown Away By the Gale

Neither attempt succeeded, nor was the Ascania able, when she arrived, to get life-lines across to the helpless ship whose situation was growing worse and worse. The Jean Jadot was blown away by the gale. She returned when dawn was breaking and, life-lines having failed, made a more desperate attempt to help. She launched a lifeboat and sent it alongside the Usworth. Fourteen of the Usworth's crew jumped in and the lifeboat pulled away, but shortly afterwards it got into the trough of the sea, and 12 of the crew of the Usworth and two of the Jean Jadot were drowned.

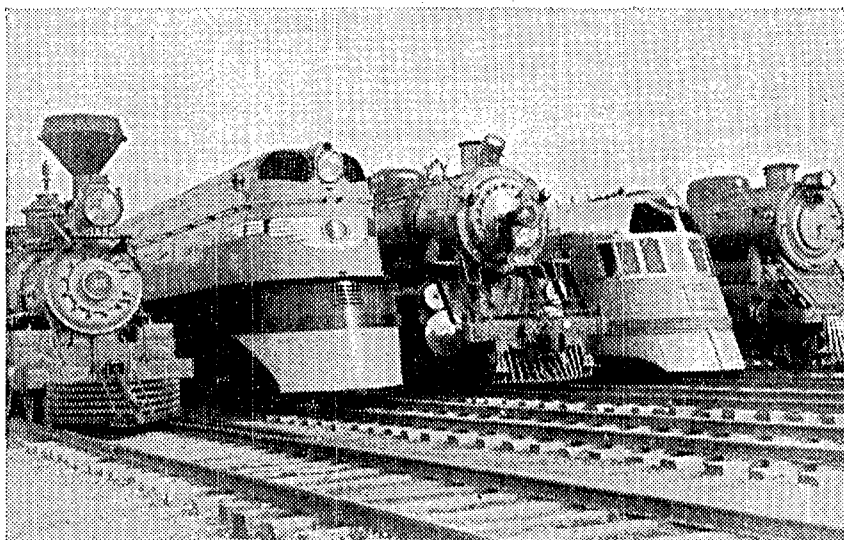
Undeterred by this tragedy, the Ascania launched a lifeboat, and after two or three attempts it got alongside the sinking vessel. The lifeboat's officer suggested that the men on the Usworth should jump one at a time into the sea and be picked up. Two jumped too hastily and were drowned, but the captain and the remaining eight members of the crew were saved.

Failure and Success

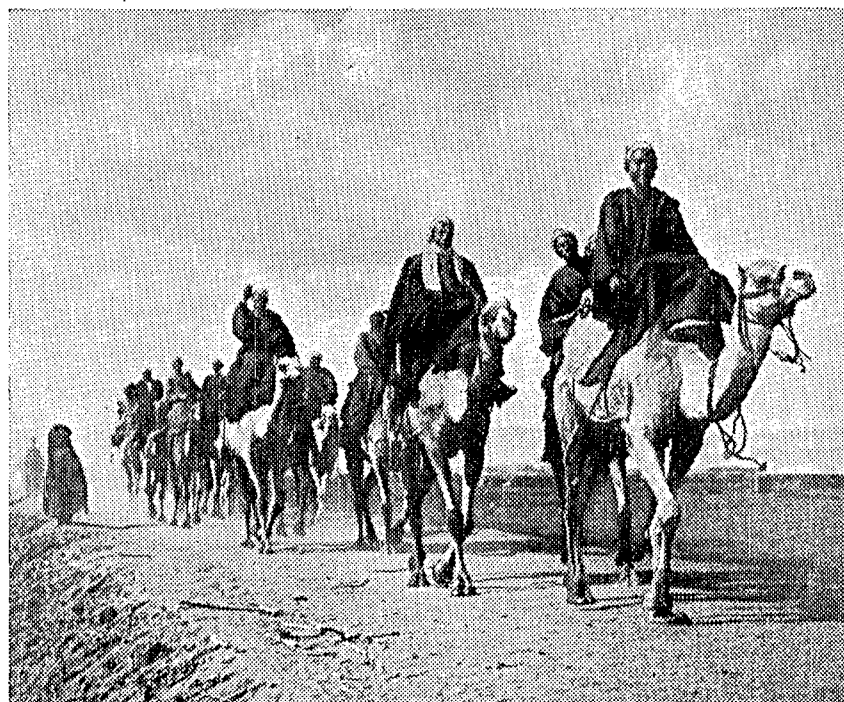
The circumstances of this heroic failure and success are enough to show the terrible surroundings in which the rescue was at last achieved; but another question arose when they and the cause of the disaster were brought before a Court of Inquiry by the Board of Trade under the Wreck Commissioner, Lord Merrivale. Was there anything in the condition or the manning of the Usworth which brought her into this plight?

The answer of the Court was that the ship was seaworthy and was loaded with wheat in a proper way to ensure stability, but it was not demonstrated that the steering-gear of the Usworth (whose loss was due to its failure through an unforeseen accident) was of a kind suitable to such a vessel on such

In the New World and the Old



On the left is an old-fashioned wood-burning American engine, and beside it are four of the fastest and most modern types of locomotives on the American railways. This remarkable group was seen the other day in Chicago.



In striking contrast to the engines shown above is this picture of a camel caravan on the banks of the Nile.

voyages. There was no law, however, to insist on more efficient steering.

But that was only one way, and the less serious one, in which the law appeared to fail. The Usworth had complied with the regulations regarding the number of officers in charge of the crew, taking with her two mates to assist the captain. On these three fell the strain of keeping the watches, and in the opinion of the Court the strain was too severe and allowed no margin. With safety of life and wellbeing regarded as the chief consideration, the Usworth should have had three mates to assist the master.

What had happened was that the Usworth had complied with the letter of the law but had done no more. It seems that the owners were innocent, but the regulations guilty. The result in this case was disaster; and if other

disasters are to be avoided the regulations should be amended both in the interests of seamen and for the sake of the high reputation of our British Mercantile Marine.

THE 40-HOUR WEEK For and Against at Geneva

By 81 votes to 33 The International Labour Conference at Geneva has accepted the moral principle of a 40-hour week for industry.

The delegates of employers, employees, and Governments were all entitled to vote. The workers generally favoured the principle. The employers all voted against it, except the representatives of Italy and America; it will be remembered that the original proposal was made by Italy. The British Government delegate voted against it.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

THE TALE OF A FATHER AND A CHILD

True Story of a Motor-Car
Crossing the Alps

DUTY OVER ALL

From Switzerland comes this true story with an epic quality, a tale of life that will not be forgotten.

Several travellers—English, French, German, and Dutch—were crossing the Alps in a car of the Swiss postal service.

Although it was summer snow had fallen at a low altitude, and from green fields the great yellow car mounted to wintry heights, all languages ceasing in admiration of the wonderful view. After a stop to unload mail for a hotel at the top of a snowy pass the journey continued over high bridges and alongside precipices.

It was a most thrilling ride, with the possibility of death never really far away; yet no one seemed to fear the dangerous way, for the driver seemed so competent, and he knew the road so well.

A Horrifying Moment

Presently the church tower of their destination was seen. The car was descending a steep road slippery with melting snow. Suddenly the driver sounded his horn, not in warning but in salutation, as he approached his chalet home. His wife and their four-year-old daughter came out to greet him, and the child ran on.

Suddenly the passengers were horrified to see the little girl run forward, slip, and fall right in front of the car. The driver did not put on the brakes at once, but overran the child and gradually stopped. White as a sheet, he got out and hurried back, but the little girl was not hurt and kissed him Goodbye before he returned.

The Only Thing To Do

As the driver came back to the car one of his passengers, an English statesman, shouted to know why he had acted as he did; if the child had been killed it would have been his fault. The driver answered:

"I have known this road for six years. Had I put on the brakes sharply the car would certainly have overturned and we should probably all be lying at the bottom of that precipice. Instead of risking the lives of 12 passengers I risked that of my own child."

"I assure you it was the worst moment of my life! But it was the only thing to do, for duty is above all. God was good enough to save my dear child's life."

The Englishman looked at him and said, "You are right; duty above all. I apologise."

EUROPE FACING THE FACTS?

FIRST STEPS TO A REAL UNDERSTANDING

The Meaning of the Naval Agreement With Germany

TIME WORKS WONDERS

We print these notes from a political correspondent in answer to those who have anxious misgivings about the British Agreement with Germany.

In looking back through history on the causes of great events it has been found again and again that their beginning was in small and unexpected things.

In looking forward to the time when the world will have arrived at a Great Peace, with the anxieties of these days lost in a real security and understanding, we may expect that history will repeat itself.

A Stepping-Stone

So it is that the new Anglo-Naval Agreement may come to be regarded as one of the stepping-stones to the final recovery of the world from the ruin of the war.

It is true that the Agreement involves the naval re-arming of Germany at a time when all the world is anxious for Disarmament, but the fact must be faced that no power on Earth can prevent Germany taking for herself the equality which has so often been promised her and not given.

It is no longer possible to regard Germany as an enemy or an inferior Power, and it is better that her return to equality with the other Powers should be recognised and should take place with understanding and approval rather than secretly and with suspicion. It must be remembered that Germany was willing (and is willing) to keep down her armaments to any level adopted by all nations, but as other nations have failed to reduce their armaments Germany is naturally resolved to assert her position and her right to means of defence and security.

"For Ever"

It is from this point of view that we must regard the new agreement by which Germany accepts for ever a ratio of naval strength 35 per cent of our own, and such a fact must be accepted as an achievement of vast significance in favour of peace.

If it is contrary to the Treaty of Versailles it is once again what has already happened with Reparations. The provisions for the payment of these war debts became impossible in course of time, and, as the nations concerned did nothing in the matter, the system of Reparations collapsed.

Treaty Revision?

The provisions to keep Germany disarmed have become impossible in the same way, and, as the nations concerned do not face the problem, the idea of "keeping Germany down" must collapse.

We may expect that what we see will prove the real beginning of the revision of a Peace Treaty which has become inevitable, and as such this step and its immediate consequences are vital factors in the shaping of a new and, let us hope, a more intelligent and understanding Europe.

In other words, what the nations fear to decide for themselves is often decided for them, and we may hope that Time, which changes all things, will change our outlook from one of anxious fear to one of increasing confidence, and in the end to a final Peace.

U S COPIES US MR ROOSEVELT'S GREAT STEP

America To Look Into Its Stone-Age Constitution

THE FIRST STEP

There seems little doubt that the United States is about to open one of the most decisive chapters in its 150-year-old history.

Mr Roosevelt is evidently making up his mind that a great modern nation shall not be bound by a Stone-Age Constitution. It is becoming more and more probable that next year's presidential election will be fought on the question whether supreme power shall lie at Washington or remain in the hands of 48 separate States.

In the meantime the President's way out of the crisis that has so suddenly arisen is to take another leaf out of our British copybook. More and more American policy is being based on our own. What the President is now determined to do is to levy heavier taxes on American riches.

Rich Men and the State

The number of American millionaires has diminished since the great slump of 1929, but still there is a very unequal division of fortune among American citizens. Now the President is putting into practice what can be done to make the rich contribute to public expenditure.

In a special message to Congress President Roosevelt asks for an increase in the taxation of large incomes, rich inheritances, and gifts made in avoidance of death duties. The President lays stress on the "disturbing effects on national life that come from great inheritances of wealth and power," and he also uttered these striking words:

The transmission from generation to generation of vast fortunes by will, inheritance, or gift is not consistent with the ideas and sentiments of the American people.

A great accumulation of wealth cannot be justified on the basis of personal and family security. Creative enterprise is not stimulated by vast inheritances. They bless neither those who bequeath nor those who receive.

Our Policy

In effect this Roosevelt policy is already established here. We have very heavy surtaxes on big incomes; heavily graduated death duties; legacy and succession duties paid in addition to ordinary death duty.

When a rich man dies in this country, however his fortune is left it is twice taxed. First, there is a graduated death duty on the bulk of the estate. Then there is an additional duty paid by the person who inherits the estate or who receives any part of it. If it is the legal inheritance of a relative the addition tax is called succession duty; if it is a gift the tax is called legacy duty.

This is the system which President Roosevelt is now adopting.

Enormous Fortunes

It will be interesting to see what taxes are actually proposed. The latest American Income Tax Return shows that there are a small number of rich people with yearly incomes of £200,000, and there are actually three with £600,000 a year. With £20,000 a year or more there are as many as 2047 persons, and the corresponding fortunes must be enormous.

Rich people who give away part of their fortunes, so that less death duty is payable at their death, are to be more heavily taxed on their gifts. This also is copied from our system.

We may add that the redoubtable Senator Huey Long, who threatens to run for the Presidency next year with the war-cry Share the Wealth, now declares that Roosevelt is stealing his thunder.

BEAUTY FOR ALL TIME

More of England Ours

FINE SCENES IN TWO COUNTIES

Two English counties, Derbyshire and Cumberland, have had some of their beauty assured for all time.

The National Trust has taken steps to preserve what is aptly named the Surprise View in the valley of the Derwent. It is asking for £5000 to complete the purchase of 245 acres to add to its property, the Longshaw Estate, beloved of all Lancastrians as well as of the people of Sheffield. The new estate is in the foreground of that now owned, and it is necessary for the preservation of the delights of the old that the £5000 should be obtained.

The Cumberland area is coming under the care of the National Trust on another footing. It will remain the property of its present owner, Mr J. B. Wrigley, and of his heirs, and the public will not have access to the wild country concerned. But, just as today they can feast their eyes on it as the foreground of Scafell and the Scree, so they will be able to enjoy this view for ever.

Mr Wrigley has bound himself by law not to allow any building to be erected on these 1300 acres without the approval of the National Trust. In brief, the Trust has a sphere of influence over an important stretch of country where the view counts in the same way that it has control over future development of the shores of Buttermere. The Cumberland area is called Nether Wasdale and lies about a mile from Wastwater.

U S MAGNA CARTA

Triumph For American Labour

The United States may be in the Stone Age of Constitutions, but it is surprising to find her only in the Magna Carta Age of democratic liberty.

American Labour, with the help of President Roosevelt, has triumphed in the passing of the Wagner Labour Bill.

This measure, although not a Government one, was favoured and assisted by the President. It sets up a National Labour Relations Board to deal with wages and conditions, and gives American trade unions some of the rights long possessed by such bodies here. It prohibits the setting up of sham trade unions by employers.

Mr William Green, President of the American Federation of Labour, calls the measure the Magna Carta of American Labour. That it should become law as late as 1935 is another reminder of the backwardness of American social and industrial laws.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF BETHLEHEM

The Fellowship of Bethlehem has celebrated its sixth birthday at All Saints, Fulham, and the vicar gave one of the best explanations that has yet been given of this unique fellowship, which exists to pray for the welfare of the world's 600,000,000 children.

The world is alive as it has never been before, he said, to the claims of children. The land is dotted with hardworking Care Committees looking after their interests; Masons, Rotarians, Oddfellows, and many others help children with special needs; the Save-the-Children Fund takes a world-wide view of their difficulties. Where does the Fellowship of Bethlehem fit in?

The Fellowship strives to concentrate the power of prayer upon the fulfilment of the vision of Our Lord when He said: "It is not your Father's will that one of these little ones shall perish." It seeks to bring unseen influences to bear upon the directors and leaders of all child-welfare services, to the end that their decisions may lead to the building of a better world.

THE EMPIRE GIVES UP BASIDU

Sacrifice of a Naval Station

KEEPING OUR WORD TO PERSIA

We have held for over a hundred years a naval station at Basidu on the Persian island of Kishm, at the entrance to the Persian Gulf.

This was necessary for the protection of trade and the checking of the piracy which was due to chaotic conditions in the Persian Empire.

We always affirmed, however, that if a Shah should arise who could and would take over efficiently the ruling of the Empire and the policing of the Gulf we would hand back Basidu into his hands.

Early in King George's reign a second station was established on the tiny island of Hanjam, not far from Basidu.

It is probable that we never thought it in the least likely that a capable Shah would be in power who would ask us to fulfil our promise and return these stations to their rightful owner, but this unlikely of events is exactly what has happened, and we have kept our word.

Oil and Pilgrims

The Persian Gulf has always been an avenue for sea-borne trade from the Euphrates and the Tigris. During the war it acquired a new importance by settling down into a route for transporting oil and pilgrims. Now the oil goes to the Mediterranean by pipe-line direct and the pilgrims are to cross the desert by motor-coach.

The Persian Gulf might have become a deserted byway, but it happens to lie on the direct route by air to India and the East. As we have not yet come to lasting and satisfactory terms of agreement with the Persian Government the great planes of Imperial Airways are passing down the Arabian side of the Gulf and the naval station has been removed to Bahrein, about halfway up the Gulf on the other side, where we are on friendly relations with the Sheik.

THE ARMS TRADE

Tragic War Failure

Giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Private Trade in Arms Dr Addison, Minister of Munitions in the War, reminded the nation that the private factories utterly failed to supply our troops.

A tragic failure, Dr Addison called it, and with truth.

"So meagre was the allowance of ammunition for the armies in France," said Dr Addison, "that it is probably no exaggeration to say that defeat was only narrowly averted by the heroism of our soldiers, at a great disadvantage and by the success of our National Arsenal. I know of no case in our history where a great industry has been so disastrous a failure in a time of need."

THINGS SAID

The London boy, as I understand him, is a small apple-eating animal.
Lord Hewart

The school medical service is the receiver of damaged goods.
Sir Frederick Menzies

Good English not only conveys the author's meaning, but is incapable of conveying any other.
Mr Kennedy Williamson

No man can face the future with confidence unless he is solidly founded on the past.
Lord Tweedsmuir

It's my opinion they'll never pull it down; it's too strong for them.
Overheard at Waterloo Bridge

July 6, 1935

The Children's Newspaper

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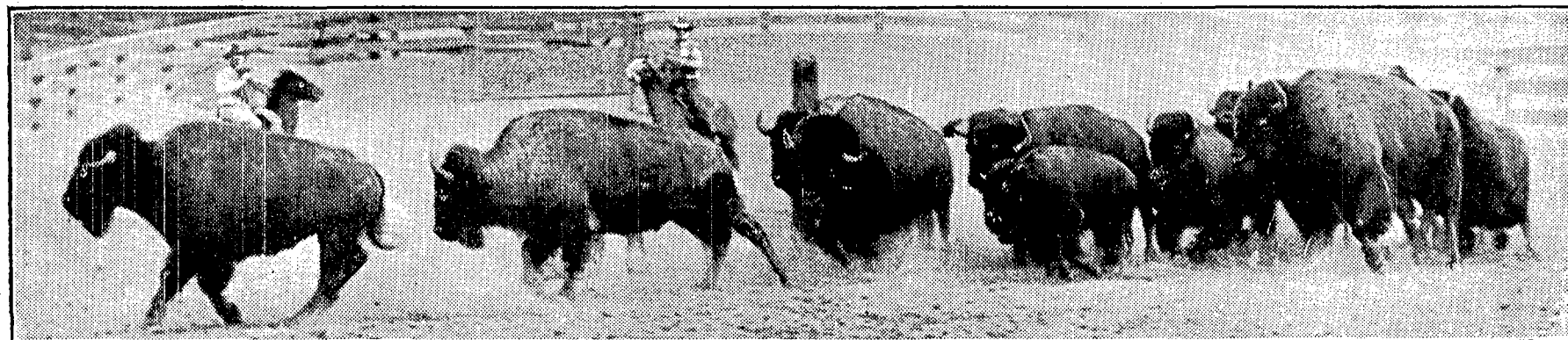
SIDCOT'S PAGEANT · A LUPIN NURSERY · COWBOYS AT WORK



Sidcot's Pageant—John and Martha Benwell greet the pupils of Sidcot School in 1803, a scene in the pageant described on page 11.



A Lupin Nursery in Sussex—A beautiful array of blossoms of many colours near Ohlchester.



Cowboys at Work—Rounding up a herd of bison on Catalina Island, California.

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

JUMBO'S FAMOUS CONSORT

Said To Have Been Seen in Australia Three Years Ago

TRAVELLER ON FOUR CONTINENTS

Two famous elephants the Zoo has had, Jumbo and Alice, and both seem to belong to the past.

But there has come a word from Australia which seems to foster the almost unbelievable hope that Alice may still be in the land of the living. Mr J. M. Dowsett, lecturing on Performing Animals, said that he saw Alice in Australia three years ago. Is she there now, or where is she?

If she would come back to London and the Zoo she would be assured of the warmest of welcome from old fogies. People who are grandparents now can remember going for a ride on Alice when, with Jumbo, she counted as one of the treats of a visit to Regent's Park. Alice was brought to the Zoo just 70 years ago as a consort to Jumbo, and gave children rides for 20 years.

Jumbo Joins a Circus

For reasons best known to the managers of the Zoo Jumbo was sold to Mr Barnum of Barnum and Bailey's Circus, in spite of a popular outcry against the transaction. A music-hall song, taking a more humorous view of the sale, ran:

*Jumbo said to Alice, I love you,
Alice said to Jumbo, I don't believe you do.
If you really loved me, as you say you do,
You wouldn't go to Yankeeland and leave me in the Zoo.*

Poor Jumbo did not long survive as an American citizen. Four years after his sale in 1881 he walked into the path of a train while the circus was on tour and was killed. So Alice never saw him again; but in the following year she was also sold to Barnum and Bailey's and travelled with them till, again changing hands, she became a member of Wirth's Circus in Sydney. A very much-travelled elephant she is, for she has been on four continents at least.

But she seems to have prospered in spite of her great travels and great age. When Mr Dowsett saw her three years ago she was in excellent health and quite her old self in her circus performances, showing no signs of decay in either body or mind. If any Australian reader of the CN sees this paragraph we should like to know whether the old lady is alive and where she carries on.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS NOT DEAD

The man in the motor-car has often been told lately that he should be considerate to others. Here is a tale of one who in North London was more.

He was kind. A small boy had propped his old bicycle against the kerb while he admired the toys in a shop window. A car came along, grazed the bicycle, and over it went, ruined for ever.

The misfortune was too much for the boy, and he began to cry; but this was not one of those cars which drive on when the damage is done. Out of it stepped its owner, took the boy by the arm, and walked with him into the shop, coming out with him all smiles instead of tears, for he had a brand-new bicycle, far better than the one that had gone before.

The lady who saw the pretty incident was so moved by it that she wrote to the Palmer's Green and Southgate Gazette about it, asking who could now say that the age of chivalry is dead.

HIS JUBILEE YEAR

One of the Best Loved Yorkshiremen

ANYBODY'S FRIEND

One of the best known Yorkshiremen in Methodism, and one of the best loved men in Paris, the Minister of the English Methodist Church there has passed out of the world. He was the Rev William Allen.

Mr Allen passed his 70th birthday in May, and this was his Jubilee Year as minister, guide, counsellor, and friend to a vast number of English people of all ages, but especially younger people, of all churches or of no church, in Paris.

Number 4 Rue Roquépine has been as crowded in its church on Sundays as in its fine Guild Room on Thursdays, and his persuasive tongue, his irresistible kindness of manner, and his simple goodness, never failed to draw.

A Devoted Band

The many activities connected with his Guild, run by his devoted band of helpers, made Rue Roquépine a bit of England to numbers of British drawn from the less affluent among them, lonely and unfriended in a foreign city. Mr Allen saw the Guild Social grow to something like 400 British subjects more or less connected with his church.

Born in 1865 in a parsonage at Whitby in Yorkshire, he was of a line of Methodist ministers, and married a Friend. Genial, full of life and gaiety, with his feet on the earth and his mind in the heavens, he carried health and healing wherever he went.

The handshake, the few personal words or inquiry, to each man and woman and little child as they passed out of the vestibule doors into the Paris streets must have put fresh heart into many a lonely or weary soul.

Untiring in his efforts, beset by serious illness not once nor twice only, he wore himself out:

*Reckoning his life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;*

*For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who loveth most hath most to give.*

THE MISSING BOOKS

They Abided With Him

From the library of Christ Church, Oxford, 42 rare books and pamphlets disappeared many years ago. When they did not come back the catalogue sorrowfully marked them as missing.

Missing they were and are, but Mr Hiscock, the librarian, who believes that a rare book is never lost but only changes hands, has now got on the track of the hands which held these literary treasures.

It seems that the titles of 34 of them appeared in the catalogue of the library, when it was sold by auction, of the Rev H. F. Lyte, who wrote the hymn Abide With Me. He died in 1847 and the books certainly abided with him for a number of years. How they came to him may never be told.

Mr Hiscock has traced the owners of 13 of these books, who acquired them long after Mr Lyte's library had been sold.

NEWS OF THE HAT

Following the example of the new Turkey the Shah of Persia has decreed that European hats must be worn by his officials.

Moreover, the European hat must not only be worn, but removed on entering a house and doffed in salutation after the manner of the polite West.

The way was paved for this change by issuing European headgear to the army two years ago.

BY THE WORLD

FORGOT

The Mayor of the Village Complains

We know (we are glad to say) many villages that Time has forgotten; they lie snug in their sleepy hollows and are glad.

But there is one lost in the Jura which does not like being forgotten, and its mayor has written his grievance to the authorities in Paris in terms to command attention and respect. All the village receives from the central authority is a supply of circulars either useless or incomprehensible. (We all know these circulars.)

He adds that the 16th-century church of his village of Santans is falling into ruin; the fire engine, 70 years old, the gift of a private citizen, has long ceased to receive the miserable few francs of Government subsidy; and for at least half a century neither the Governor of the province nor his deputy has visited the place to see how it is getting on.

In the circumstances the mayor bitingly asks if it is not his duty to return the official circulars after writing across them Not Known.

PETER LEE

The Pony Boy of the Mines

A STRAIGHTFORWARD ADVENTURER

My Peter Lee, General Secretary of the Durham Miners Association.

It hardly suggests romance, perhaps, except to those who knew him. Now his adventurous life has ended, at 71.

Peter Lee of Trimdon Grange in Durham began work in a cotton mill when he was 10, then went into the mines as a pony-driver. As a youth of 19, standing over six feet, he attended night school with little boys to learn arithmetic.

A traveller throughout his life, he first sailed for America and worked in several States, returning to a Durham colliery. The next far journey took him to South Africa, where he spent almost all his money on a ticket to Pretoria, and a shilling of the rest on food when he got there, then setting out to look for work with 9d in his pocket.

A Great Achievement

He found work, and all the time he was finding knowledge of men, while men were finding him a conscientious, efficient worker, who refused to be overpaid, who knew what he thought, and was admired even by those who disagreed with him.

Home in Durham again, he was elected Chairman of the first Labour County Council. One of his greatest achievements was to take the water supply out of private hands, so that, from being a county where houses and schools went without water for weeks together, Durham has become a model water supply county which hardly feels our summer droughts. In 1930 he became secretary of the Durham Miners, and two years later was elected President of the Miners Federation. He never gave up his local preaching, however, for he was a first-rate Methodist and loved the pulpit.

Shall we remember him as Mr Peter Lee, straightforward adventurer, Christian champion of his fellows?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Attila	At-til-ah
Caucasus	Kaw-ka-sus
Lausanne	Lo-zan
Pegasus	Peg-a-sus
Phaleron	Fa-lee-ron
Uranus	U-ra-nus

WHAT ABOUT IT, LORD BISHOP OF LONDON?

Norwich Has a Fine Idea NEW USE FOR AN OLD CHURCH

Norwich has shown great cities how to turn to a new career of service churches that have outlived their demand for worship.

One of her derelict churches has been adapted as a museum for those musical instruments which have been replaced by great organs.

Four hundred years ago Norwich was the centre of the woollen industry and the third biggest city in England. Everyone went to church on Sundays and holy days, and many are the churches about her glorious cathedral. For years there had stood empty and forlorn the church of St Peter Hungate in Prince's Street, and there was a fear that, like many a church in London, it would have to come down.

A Home of Beauty

Then came a man with an idea and an enthusiasm, Colonel Bulwer, who said, "Why not make this church a museum of Church Art? St Peter's shall become once again a home of beauty." His idea is now a fact, and within these hallowed walls is a collection of musical instruments to which our grandparents and their grandparents sang hymn and psalm.

Here are all those strange-named and strange-looking instruments of which we read in the Bible and in Shakespeare, the viol and the shawm, the serpent and the sackbut, the psaltery and the dulcimer, as well as those of which the names are more familiar though the shapes are quaint. Here, too, are manuscripts from which medieval and Tudor choirs sang, and Psalters and Missals with pictures of the oldest instruments played in our churches. We have seen the old bassoon and the flute in some of our village churches, but what a wealth of interest and memory is here!

A Village Choir

There are secular instruments as well, or should we say instruments more often used for song and dance on village green? There are concert bills and programmes 100 years old, and some of the early printed sheets of music.

As readers of Thomas Hardy know (and we cannot help thinking of Mellstock as we stand in this church) music-making runs in families, and this hereditary gift is shown in this museum by a collection of the instruments played by the men of a Gressenhall home in their village church choir in the first half of last century.

More roads lead to Norwich than to most cities, and we hope many who use them will see that they lead to Prince's Street. We hope, too, that this museum will be a pioneer of many such treasure houses. London City has many churches not now wanted for Sunday. What about it, our good Lord Bishop of London?

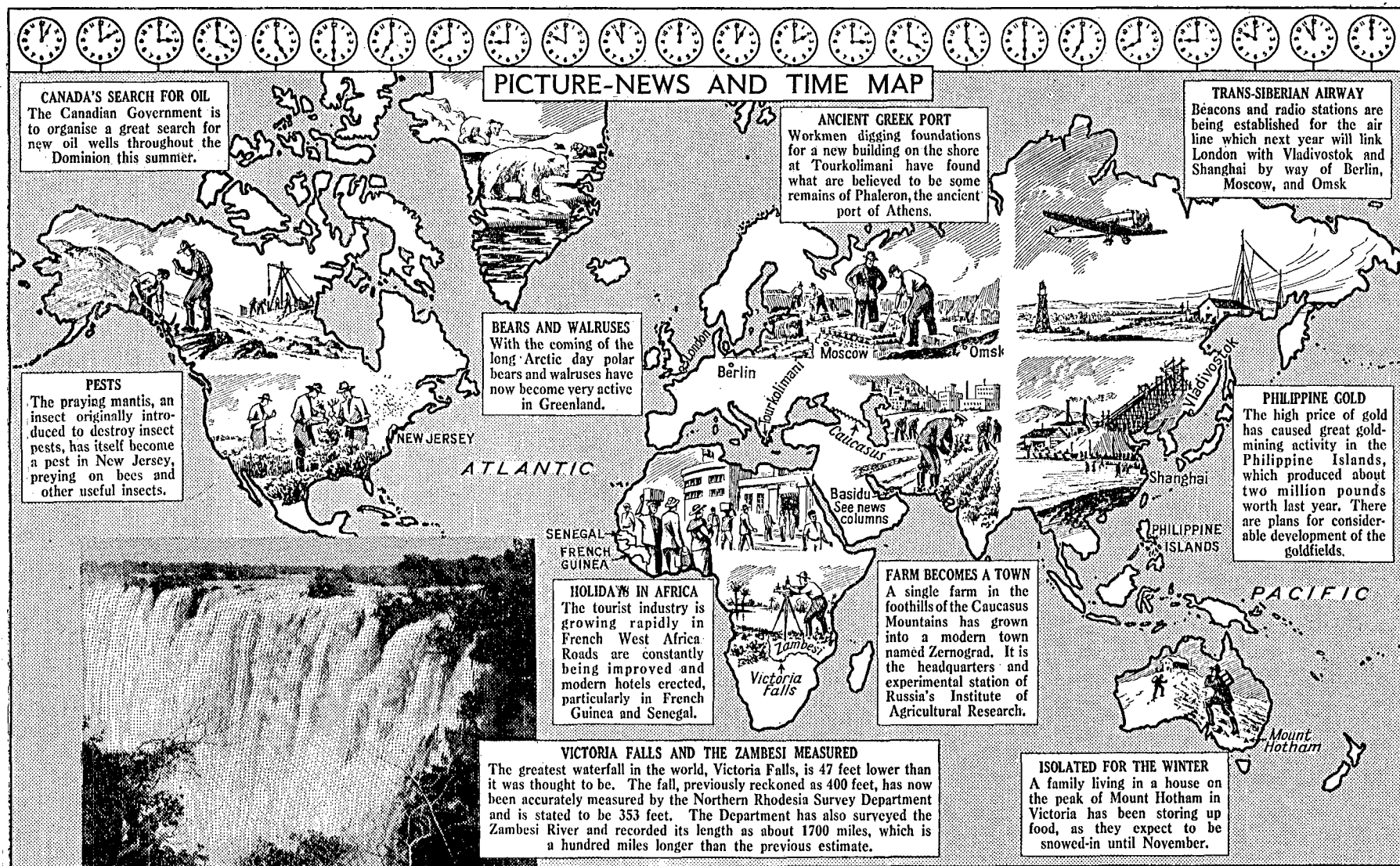
MOTHER OF THE CN

How Johannesburg Celebrated the Jubilee

The CN may be prejudiced, but it has given its warm approval to one way of celebrating the King's Silver Jubilee.

It is the way adopted by the Mayor and City Councillors of Johannesburg, who have marked the great occasion by presenting a set of the Children's Encyclopedia to each of 30 native schools.

They have gone to schools run by Methodists, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Lutherans, the Salvation Army, the Dutch Reformed Church, and by people of almost all sorts and conditions; and it is good to feel that they will all be learning the way of peace and goodwill from this book that is so full of it, and happens to be the mother of the CN.



GREAT-GRANNY, M.A. Mrs Gist Carries On NEVER TOO LATE TO DO SOMETHING

Looking after a big family is a whole-time job, leaving Mother no time for other hobbies.

Often mothers say to themselves, "What shall I do when they have all grown up? How empty the days will seem! It will be too late to take up new interests then." But let them take heart from the example of Mrs William Gist.

She had 11 children, and we can be sure that she did not get much time for reading, but she must have loved to hear her husband, who taught at Iowa State Teachers College, talk about his work.

When all her birds had flown, when her husband had passed to his rest, when the house was silent and there was nothing for her hands to do, she devoted her leisure to study.

She obtained the B.A. degree from Cornell and MacMurray Colleges, and did two years of graduate work at her husband's college. Now she has got an M.A. degree at Claremont College in California.

She is 80 and a great-grandmother, but she is going on with her studies, because she does not know any age when it is too late to learn.

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT FLIES

The first Act of Parliament ever sent by air for Royal assent has arrived in London.

It is the Commonwealth of Australia's Amending Navigation Act, which, among other things, provides for compulsory wireless installations on coastal ships.

Dominion Acts of Parliament usually become law on the approval of the Governor-General as the King's deputy, but when an Act, as in this case, may affect more than one part of the Empire, it is reserved for the King's assent. To save time, the new England-Australia air mail is being used for the 13,000-mile journey.

FOOD LAID ON New Flats in Berlin

Now that we are thoroughly used to the idea of water laid on, the next thing we can look forward to is food laid on.

The first application of this idea has been made in Berlin, where 100 new units of flats have been fitted with pneumatic tubes through which food can be shot direct from kitchen to the consumer.

The prospective diner looks in the catalogue sent out by the central kitchen, decides on the menu, and telephones the order. The food is then dished into standard thermos flasks and shot through the tube, and there is his dinner almost before he can say Herr Hitler, and probably before he can get the table set.

HE MADE OUR COAL MINES SAFER

Numbers of miners must owe their lives to Colonel W. Blackett, who has passed on at Durham in his 76th year.

He was one of the pioneers who, instead of merely criticising them, worked hard to make our mines safer. The credit has been given to him of being the first man to introduce canaries into mines for detecting after-damp in colliery workings.

Among his inventions was a reliable rescue apparatus, and the value of his work brought him the gold medal of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy.

THE IDLE MAN AND THE BUSY BEE

Some unemployed men of Glasgow have been bee-keeping, and have harvested more than 200 pounds of the finest heather honey, about 50 pounds from each hive.

The Council for Community Service helped them to start their enterprise by setting up an apiary at Cannisburn.

How well worth while it is for the workless man to learn a new trade is shown by the example of nine unemployed who joined a cookery class at Bridgeton. They have now secured posts as cooks in clubs and hotels.

THESE TWOPENNY LIBRARIES Overlooked By the Law

Throughout the land we see, in busy thoroughfares, shop windows lined with books in flaming wrappers, mainly novels. These are hired out at twopence a volume.

Now although these libraries look like shops, they are not shops. A shop sells, and these enterprises do not sell; they merely lend.

It follows that they are not shops within the meaning of the Shops Acts, and therefore those who run them need not keep shop hours, or obey shop law in dealings with their workers.

A report of the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, Booksellers, and Stationers says that these libraries are often open at night and on Sundays, and apparently are able to ride roughshod through the Shops Acts. It is said that nothing can be done until an amending Shops Bill is introduced.

A FILM OF CECIL RHODES

The Government of Southern Rhodesia is assisting a British film unit to make a picture based on the life and achievements of Cecil Rhodes.

Nothing is being left undone to make the film authentic in historic detail and convincing in scenic background, while hundreds of Matabele warriors will make up the ranks of "supers."

Many of the shots are being made in the heart of the Matopopo Mountains, where Cecil Rhodes lies buried, and the transport difficulties which the producers have had to overcome have been formidable.

HAND AND MACHINE

It is notable that in several parts of the world a return to hand labour has been made to provide work for the idle.

Thus Italy, having reduced her unemployment to a small figure, has determined to reduce it further by deciding that the work of the next harvest is to be done entirely by hand. No machines of any sort are to be used.

CANTERBURY BELLS AND CANTERBURY STONES Motherland Links the World Over

Canterbury bells were heard in remote farmhouses in Australia, in many parts of Canada, India, and in the United States on the opening day of the festival week held by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral.

The glorious building was crowded with 20th-century pilgrims from distant parts of the Empire, among them bishops from Africa and Australia.

More than 90 carved pieces of cathedral stone, each bearing a bronze copy of an 8th-century cross, were dedicated by the Archbishop to be given to every cathedral within the Empire and to the cathedrals of New York and San Francisco. The Archbishop spoke of them as "symbols of the bonds which unite us—the faith which, brought here 1300 years ago, has been the deepest source of all that has been the best and most enduring in the life of the Empire."

Home Sweet Home, Blake's Jerusalem, and other tunes familiar to most English-speaking people were played by a band and broadcast throughout the Empire, and a message of goodwill was read from the Prince of Wales, First Friend of Canterbury.

AFTER 20 YEARS

A wastepaper canvasser has died, leaving £432.

He left £200 of this to the Salvation Army, £50 for free breakfasts at Blackfriars, "as a token of gratitude for the kindness and hospitality shown to me when I entered there a homeless and broken man one Sunday morning."

RIDICULOUS

It is ridiculous that we have a system of tariffs in the Crown Colonies, which really are under one supreme permanent head in Whitehall.

Premier of Southern Rhodesia

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 6 1935

Pack Up Your Quarrels

THIS Old Country has two great institutions known and loved throughout the world. One is our friend Mr Punch and one is our friend the Prince of Wales.

Both have just struck a nail on the head.

The Prince has suggested that those who fought each other in the war should begin to shake hands, and Punch has shown them doing it to the tune of Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag. Already they are visiting each other with cheering and clapping of hands.

It is in keeping with the oldest British institution of all, the great Fair Play Club. It is not our way to cherish grievances, however great they are. We do not sing long hymns of hate as Mr De Valera does. We do not live to pay people out for wrongs done long ago. If we knock a man down as a bully and a brute we are first to pick him up and beg him not to do it again.

General Booth has been round the world and has found a great longing for peace in the hearts of the people. The tale of every traveller is the same. Nothing is more certain than that the longing for peace is deeper than ever before, and is universal with the common folk. Nothing is more certain than that everywhere there is a great contempt for the stupidity and madness of war.

It is more than time that all this yearning for peace was translated into acts by those upon whom responsibility rests for the government of the world. It is time the nations came together to discuss the plain question whether they are to pursue a policy which can only end in the destruction of civilisation or whether they will pursue a policy which will lift up the hearts of people everywhere.

The time has passed when it is possible for any nation to feel secure above all others, for science has put the power of destruction into every hand. We have to be good neighbours with those with whom we disagree. We do not ask our next-door neighbour to accept our opinions nor need we accept his, but we do agree not to break his windows and trust him not to break ours.

We do not like Herr Hitler's policy, or Mussolini's, or Stalin's. We believe that dictators are enemies of the human race and the individual. But the government of every nation is its own affair, and we who are free and they who are slaves share the bounty of the Earth in which God has set us to seek first the peace of all in the belief that all other things will be added unto us.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Bang Went Sixpence

WE hear that at Bracknell in Berkshire a doctor asked at the post office the way to an outlying cottage.

As he was unable to understand the directions he wrote out a sixpenny telegram to the cottage and went with the telegraph boy.

A Very Brave Story

IT is four years since three Canadian girls walked through the woods of St Calixte, Quebec, singing choruses and joking together. They were undergraduates out on a picnic, and they were very happy.

Lying under the trees they found a stick, a nice dry little stick that looked just the thing for a camp fire. But it was a stick of dynamite.

It exploded, and all three girls were blinded. One of them, Lucy Senkevitz, also lost her hand.

When they came out of hospital the three friends determined to make good. It has been an uphill struggle, but cheerful determination has won. Miss Senkevitz has just graduated at McGill University, and both her friends hold posts, one in a hospital and one in a newspaper office.

It is a brave story.

Two Things About China

A CHINESE journalist has been explaining things about his own mysterious people, and two of his observations may be meditated upon.

Chinese parties to a dispute are the easiest to bring to their senses.

The Chinese do not, when advantage comes, take all of it.

We shall perhaps understand affairs better if we keep these truths in mind.

Boys Will Be Boys

TO Sir Charles Vernon Boys, who has weighed the Earth, photographed the flight of a bullet and the lightning flash, measured the film of the soap bubble and the heat of the therm, an Ode has been addressed on his 80th birthday by an admirer in the famous scientific weekly, Nature. This is the last verse:

*To weigh the Earth, to check the Therm,
To explain the logarithmic term,
To build with bubbles and maintain
The opal colours in their train:
These are his pleasures, these his ploys,
Where skill with mind and truth alloys,
For which in Science as in toys
We thank our stars Boys will be Boys.*

How To Win

To become a great player in billiards you must be a strict teetotaler. Success lies in hard work, out-of-door exercise in green parks, good actions, kindly thoughts, and avoidance of alcohol. Walter Lindrum, Australian Billiards Player

The Golden Gates

This story is as old as the 14th century, says Mr John Buchan, the great storyteller who has now become Lord Tweedsmuir.

A BORDERER died and appeared before the Golden Gates of Heaven. St Peter asked him for his credentials.

"I have done my best," said the Borderer, "up to my lights. I have been the death altogether of 327 Englishmen. A year ago I got the Bishop of Carlisle, and last week I only just missed the Bishop of Durham."

"Well, that is good as far as it goes," said St Peter, "but just wait a minute here until I verify what you say from the books."

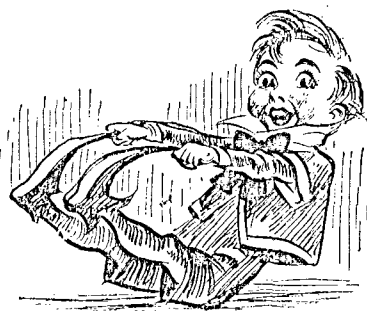
A quarter of an hour later the Saint returned. The Borderer had gone, and so had the Golden Gates.

Tip-Cat

IT was fashionable at one time to be quick at losing one's temper. Now it is sufficient if we look sharp.

BALD men generally have steady nerves. Yet they don't keep their hair on.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If first nights are ever second rate

TALL men often feel ridiculous. The height of absurdity.

WILL television ever be really popular? Wait and see.

WE owe a debt to wireless, declares a writer. Let him speak for himself; we've paid our 10s.

FEW actors are good business men. Their business is merely acting.

THE man who wants a flag that will last a lifetime expects a high standard.

SURPRISE is the best part of birthday presents. Unless it is the surprise of not getting any.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

SOMEONE unknown has left a £100 note at the West London Hospital.

THE Order of Rechabites is celebrating its centenary; it has 800,000 members.

ALDERMAN GRAVES has given Sheffield 43 more acres for its park.

ALL Oxford University degrees are now open to men and women equally.

JUST AN IDEA

No power on Earth can stop the continued unfolding of truth.

Mr Anon

By Our Country Girl

JUBILEE DAY made my fortune, said Mr Anon.

But surely it was more than Jubilee Day, really.

Mr Anon had been struggling to make a living for many years. At last he got hold of a tiny shop in a back street; he could not afford to pay the rents in the main streets.

Hardly anyone passed the window, and those who did probably thought it did not look appetising. A shabby place starving for paint never looks clean, however hard you scrub it. Mr Anon was often frightened that he would have to leave the little shop where he sold (or tried to sell) sweets, newspapers, cigarettes, and ice cream.

Jubilee Day was approaching, and the town decided to honour it with a grand carnival and sports. All profits were to go to the King's Jubilee Fund. Everyone was expected to subscribe and to help to make the day a success. But what could Mr Anon do?

He had no money to give, but he was as loyal as the rich tradesmen, and he found a way to do his bit. He said he would sell ices on the Fair Ground and give the money to the Jubilee Fund.

Everyone remembers the heat of that day. The ices sold faster than hot cakes. Even the people who scorned the idea of eating ice cream in the open were thankful to buy them. The old-fashioned people comforted one another by saying it was in aid of the King's Fund. The young people simply said these were the best ices they ever tasted. They were good ices, and the cleanliness of their packing was a revelation to some of us.

It does not matter now whether Mr Anon's shop is in a back street or a main street, because everyone comes to him, and there is never a tea-party in the neighbourhood now without ices.

"Jubilee Day made my fortune," said Mr Anon, as Lady Brown's cook ordered an ice pudding for dinner and said that Lady Brown had first tasted his ices on Jubilee Day.

But it was not Jubilee Day so much as Jubilee spirit that made Mr Anon's fortune.

A Prayer For All

Our Father, Who art in heaven and on earth and everywhere about us, we would be Thy children in deed as in name.

We would live as Thy children should live, clean and upright in our lives, thinking only those things which are pure and true and of good report, and doing those things only which we know Thou wouldst have us do.

May we never have cause to be ashamed of anything our hands find to do, but be strong to resist evil and to fight the good fight for righteousness and Thee.

Amen

A Word From Shakespeare

To A Miserable Pessimist

Every cloud engenders not a storm.
Henry the Sixth

TEN MILLIONS ASK FOR PEACE

THE REMARKABLE BALLOT OF THE NATION

Vast Referendum Majority For the League of Nations

BEHIND THE GOVERNMENT'S PEACE POLICY

The great Peace Ballot is over and the result is known. It proves beyond a doubt that the country is behind Mr Baldwin in appointing the first Cabinet Minister for the League of Nations.

We have said before that we regard this appointment as the most significant of all the changes that have taken place, and if we are to judge by the result of the Peace Ballot the country thinks so too. In this remarkable referendum well over ten million people have spoken their minds about peace and the way to build peace. The whole world now knows that British opinion is overwhelmingly behind the League.

Triumph For the Organisers

The Peace Ballot has been a marvellous triumph for its organisers. It has brought people to the poll in numbers which have astonished the party organisers who try to bring them to poll at election time. In many constituencies the proportion of voters has reached a height which has never been known in party politics; and it is a stimulating thing for all lovers of peace that this enthusiasm is entirely in support of the Government's declared policy of working through the League.

One strange thing about the ballot was that the first million votes gave the same picture of the public mind as the whole ten millions. Even the critical events on the Continent failed to disturb the extraordinary consistency of the proportion of Yes and No answers to each question during the months the canvass was being made. During the nine weeks from March 8 to May 8, when the news about Europe was almost consistently disturbing, Peace Ballot votes came in at the rate of half a million a week, except for the week ending April 11, when they rose to the astounding total of a million.

Hard Questions

Canvassing for the Peace Ballot has been compared with canvassing for a General Election, but it was really harder, for there was none of the spirit of contest to keep up enthusiasm, and it was asking people to do much more than declare which side they were on. It asked them to think, and to think hard, about the gravest issue of our time. And the questions were hard ones.

Their meaning is clearer if we take the first and the last ones together.

1. *Should Great Britain remain a member of the League of Nations?*

Ninety-seven out of every 100 questioned said Yes. Having settled that point, the two parts of Question 5 asked us to decide the extent of the obligations which League membership should imply:

5. *Do you consider that, if a nation insists on attacking another, the other nations should combine to compel it to stop—(a) by economic and non-military measures? (b) if necessary by military measures?*

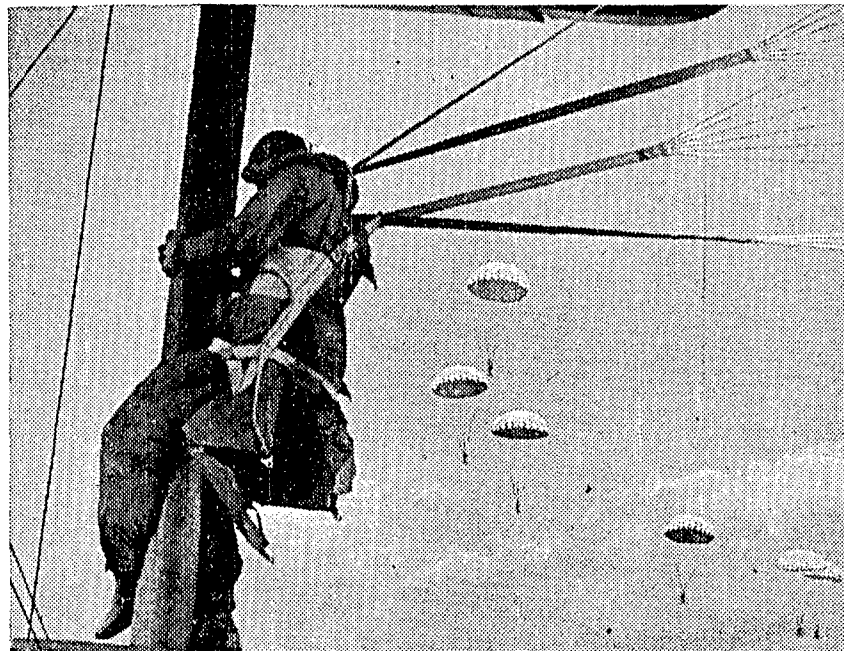
That took some thinking out.

By International Agreement

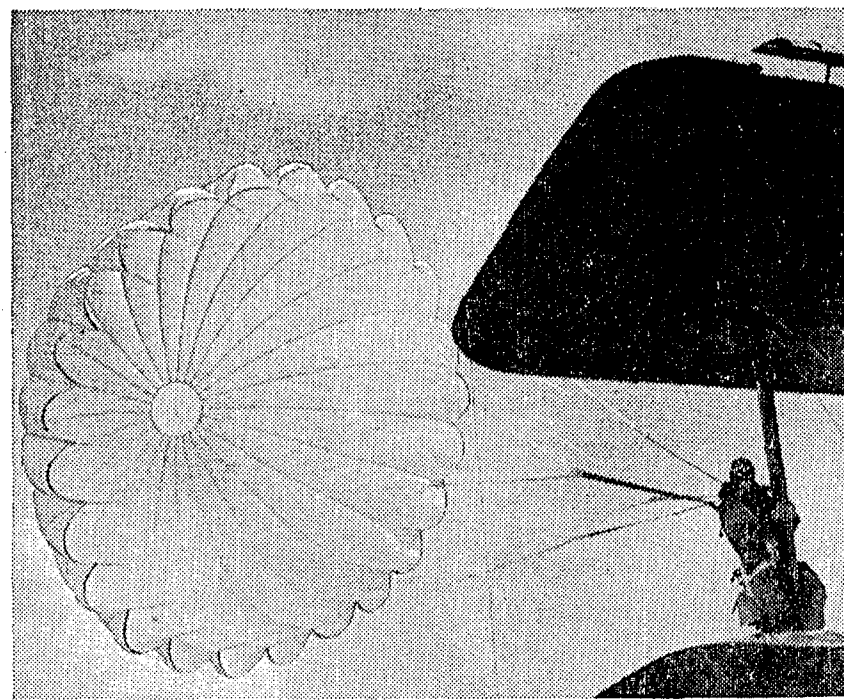
Six people in every 100 said No to 5a, and one person in four said No to 5b. A great many added remarks about both.

The voter, having made up his mind about our belonging to the League and taking an active part to restrain a peace-breaker, was then asked his opinion on three matters of policy, to be

LIFTED INTO SPACE



Clinging to a strut, the airman pulls the rip-cord, the parachute opens and lifts him off the plane.



Another view showing the parachute opening out. The Jubilee Review of the R.A.F. takes place at Mildenhall and Duxford on Saturday.

Continued from the previous column

pursued by all nations together. This point was hard to keep always in mind. Thinking about the whole world at once is no easy thing. Questions 2, 3, and 4 all depended on the important phrase, "by international agreement."

2. *Are you in favour of an all-round reduction of armaments by international agreement?*

Ninety-three people in every 100 said Yes, which ought to be clear enough for any Government taking part in a Disarmament Conference.

3. *Are you in favour of all-round abolition of national military and naval aircraft by international agreement?*

Eighty-five in every 100 said Yes.

4. *Should the manufacture and sale of armaments for private profit be prohibited by international agreement?*

Ninety-three in every 100 said Yes.

This was a difficult, thought-provoking set of questions to put before a whole people. Although it had surprisingly little effect on the vote, many voters raised the objection that the reduction of armaments would throw men out of work.

To the shame of our age, this is true. In the World War we showed ourselves able to organise our man-power for death, in the World Crisis we have not yet shown ourselves able to organise it for life. Nevertheless, in the neighbourhood of arsenals and barracks support of the ballot was keen. The thought of the saving in lives outweighed the fear of

increased unemployment even among those who would suffer it.

Another sensible objection was, "What is the good of abolishing military and naval aeroplanes when you can drop bombs from ordinary aircraft?" The answer to that is that civilian aviation must come under international control too.

Wales outshone all other places in enthusiasm for the Peace Ballot, and Lancashire and Yorkshire came next; but nowhere did the Peace Postmen have a harder task than in London. An area of 720 square miles had to be covered, stretching from Staines to Dartford, from St Albans to Croydon, and offering every imaginable type of population. About 35,000 voluntary workers trudged the streets with the papers, often calling five or six times before they found people at home.

In the end, however, this idea, hatched two years ago in the offices of the Ilford Recorder, swept round the whole country as a new way of letting the voice of the people be heard.

Half a million workers had made it possible. They were of all political parties, all faiths, all walks of life, and all ages. A leader of a band of ballot workers in Chalfont St Giles was 80 years old and returned 93 per cent of his ballot papers filled in.

Many a ballot meeting has had Communists and Conservatives on the same platform. In the great effort to floodlight the idea of Peace old differences sank out of sight.

PARLIAMENT THINKS OF SCHOOLS

THEY ARE BETTER AND BETTER

Education Looking Back and Looking Forward

SPENDING £44,000,000

Few hours in Parliament are more worth while than those in which the vote of money for the year's education is discussed.

In asking for his millions the Minister responsible for our schools, institutes, and colleges reviews what has been achieved in the past year and announces the Government's policy for the future.

We are glad to record that this year Mr Ramsbotham, the Parliamentary Secretary, had both a quickened progress during past months and a wider programme for future years to set before a nation which is at last becoming intensely alive to what education means to every child.

The Future Citizens

As Mr Ramsbotham himself declared, some six or seven million future citizens are under survey, and the educational system touches the structure of society at every point, not only imparting knowledge but character, intelligence, and taste, trying to produce good individuals, independent in mind and with sufficient imagination to use their leisure rightly, fit to take their places in commercial and industrial society, and moulded as rational and unselfish members of the community.

The restrictions of the unhappy year 1931 have been withdrawn.

Two-thirds of the school buildings on the black list have been removed.

The number of pupils to an elementary class has been reduced, and only 4 per cent have now more than 50.

The Board has forbidden the authorities for secondary schools to permit more than 35 in a class, declaring 30 the normal limit.

The number of secondary pupils increased by 25,000 last year, while the proportion of free places was bigger.

Promised Developments

In three years £1,500,000 has been authorised for technical buildings, and 12 big towns have new technical institutes built or planned.

Certificates for proficiency in industrial subjects are now being granted, and steps are being taken to make them national certificates.

More attention is being given to art training in all branches. Inspectors have visited the Continent and reported that our art schools are inferior to those in other lands, in both spaciousness and equipment, and the development of art and craft teaching is among the work announced for the immediate future.

Other promised developments are in training rural children for rural requirements, a wider use of films and wireless as aids to knowledge, and an organisation of physical training so that health and alertness shall enable the mind to reach its highest attainment during the years spent under school discipline.

A National Investment

More money is to be spent this year on building up the bodily strength of our children. A pound a head is to be expended on school meals and medical services. So successful was the cheap milk scheme last winter that in March 2,750,000 children were having their glass a day, as compared with 900,000 in October.

From all this it would seem that education has once again taken its rightful place in the State, and the Ministry has asked Parliament for a larger sum than in any of the last three years, £44,557,000, to meet their bill for the coming year. It is the best investment we as a nation can make.

VISITORS TO WIMBLEDON



G. von Cramm, Germany



Mlle. N. Adamson, Belgium



C. Boussus, France



M. Rainville, Canada



Mme. H. Sperling, Denmark



J. Crawford, Australia



G. de Stefani, Italy



Mlle. E. Cepkova, Czechoslovakia



N. G. Farquharson, South Africa



Mme. R. Mathieu, France



S. B. Wood, USA



Senorita A. Lizana, Chile



Miss Helen Jacobs, USA



J. Yamagishi, Japan



Miss J. Hartigan, Australia



Miss C. Deacon, Canada



R. Menzel, Czechoslovakia



Signorina L. Valerio, Italy

Here are some of the players from all parts of the world who have been taking part in the Wimbledon Championships.

One of the Great Forgotten Wonders Of Our Motherland

Once more a band of pilgrims has been to the little church on the Roman Wall at the point where the Blackwater flows into the North Sea. It is in the parish of Bradwell in Essex, and the old chapel there is called St Peter, St Peter's on the Wall.

A tiny place, forgotten or unknown in these great days, it is one of the thrilling corners of our wondrous Island. We have been to see it and this is how it seems to us.

It is one of the forgotten wonders of our Motherland, with a story and a spectacle that must stir our hearts. We are here at the very beginning of that march through English history which is not to be matched in the annals of mankind.

Here the Romans came and built a fort to keep the English back. They went away and the English came and built a church across the fort itself. The centuries passed, the Conqueror had had his day, the little church became a barn and was forgotten. The English builders set up their shrine about three miles away, 600 years ago, and from the 14th century till now its congregations have sung their praises and said their prayers within these walls.

Athwart the Citadel of Caesar

Very old it has seemed to them, no doubt, as the generations and the centuries have gone by, and yet all the time there has been here this little consecrated barn built by the Saxons across the Roman fort, the citadel of God athwart the citadel of Caesar, one of the oldest surviving churches in England, far away in this forgotten corner of our land.

An enchanting little place, it has enjoyed its solitude for ages, a quiet pastoral life which even the Motor Age has not disturbed. It is true that the red brick tower of its 14th-century church is only Georgian, but it is the newest thing we come to see. There are low plastered cottages, there is the brick cage which was the village lock-up with the whipping-post fixed to it, and there is a perfect mounting-block with an iron rod for the farmer's wife to take hold of as she mounted her horse to ride home after church. There is a timbered rectory, with one wing built before the Reformation and one to keep it company in the Adam style.

It is a captivating group that is gathered about the church, and in the church itself is a chancel arch with moulded capitals, a brass portrait of a Bradwell lady, Margaret Wyott, in the days of Henry the Eighth, and little faces carved in stone by a mason 600 years ago. There are, on the walls and on the font, men with their tongues out, grim men with set lips, and a priest to keep them company. It is all 600 years old, and yet how young it is for Bradwell!

An Ancient Solitude

Come away to the consecrated barn by a tiny cottage on the lonely peninsula, where the Blackwater River runs into the grey North Sea. It is an ancient solitude, haunt of rare birds, nothing but a lonely land until one day a traveller came more curious than most and noticed this old barn. He noticed its unusual height, the well-shaped stones, and the Roman bricks, the round window high up above the tower, which the farmer did not use. He noticed the high gables and the signs of arches at one end. He measured it and excavated round about, and he found a porch on the west and an apse on the east; and there was no doubt at all that this traveller stood in the very church founded by Bishop Cedd 1300 years ago at Ithancester.

For all these centuries this little place had stood, drenched by the spray at high tides, its prayer and praise forgotten by the world, but not actually forgotten, let us believe, within these walls which echoed them so long ago and have stood here braving the storms of the North Sea, waiting for praise and prayer to come again. And they have come. The old barn is a church again, a service is held within its hallowed walls once every year, and this

old barn at Bradwell is one of the 4000 scheduled monuments of England that are never to come down.

There is nothing like it in all England, for it is unique as a Saxon building, 50 feet long, 22 feet wide, with walls over two feet thick rising 24 feet up to the caves.

But let us think of the dramatic conquest of which this little building speaks, the thrilling irony of its site. When the great evangelist of the Saxons came, Bishop Cedd, he found here a little Saxon community with their huts and barns, gathered about the derelict fort the Romans had built to keep the Saxons out.

Its walls were 12 feet thick, so jealous were the Romans of their little island. It was the Tilbury or the Sheerness of its time, and its great wall has been traced from one rounded corner to another rounded corner, for a length of more than 500 feet, with two sides stretching seaward, one for 50 yards and one for 100. It formed a great quadrangle with two long lines parallel to the sea. The seaward line has been washed away by the waves, the sides running down to the sea are under the shore, the long inland wall can be traced exactly 522 feet. Only a fragment of this formidable work raises its head above the earth. At one corner on the estuary side a piece of wall stands four feet high, and two horseshoe bastions 16 feet across.

A Sort of Little Canterbury

Thrilled by the arrival of a bishop in their midst the Saxons set to work to build their church, and bravely they built it, for they set the church right across this 12-foot thick wall of the Romans, using the well-shaped stones, the red tiles, and the pebbles lying about the ruined fort.

This is Bradwell. From this great wall the Roman Legions scanned the North Sea for the sea-rovers from the Elbe and the Schelde; it was their mighty refuge and defence. Now the sea covers their old home, perhaps their very graves, and the Roman Empire is no more, the little church of the Saxon stands across the fort. Christianity has conquered.

We are all great travellers in these days, but who comes here? Few, very few; and yet it is a sort of little Canterbury, and those who make this pilgrimage have added a red-letter day to the calendars of their memory.

FOR READERS IN 500 YEARS

What Mr Cockerell is Doing

In this age of flimsy buildings and cheap furniture which, as someone cheerfully said, "Won't last long, luckily," it is a delightful change to think of a man sitting down to make a book binding which will last 500 years.

That is what Mr Douglas Cockerell is doing, with the help of his son. Mr Cockerell teaches bookbinding at the LCC Central School, and the British Museum Trustees have asked him to bind the Codex Sinaiticus. That £100,000 manuscript will not leave the Museum. There it will receive its coat of white pigskin and Spanish mahogany board 100 years old.

Such a binding, says Mr Cockerell, should, under library conditions, last for 500 years. He must often wonder what sort of man will rebind the manuscript 500 years hence.

What sort of man, what sort of world? We do not know; but we do know that to a certain extent we who live today can influence that world so far away.

The World Broken in Pieces

MUSSOLINI'S REVOLUTION

In our survey of the plans for rebuilding the world we have considered the American way and the plans of President Roosevelt.

Here we look at the Italian way, and consider the remarkable experiment being carried out so boldly under Signor Mussolini, the only dictator who has retained a monarchy, in name if not in fact.

THE Russian Bolshevik Revolution dates from 1917. The Fascists marched on Rome five years later.

In March 1919 Benito Mussolini, journalist and ex-soldier, a blacksmith's son, formed the first group of Fascists. (A *fascio* is a group or bundle; the bundle of rods borne before the ancient Roman magistrates was called the *fascies*, signifying strength in unity.) An ardent patriot, who did much to bring Italy into the war on the side of the Allies, Mussolini, once a Socialist, opposed the attempt to Bolshevise Italy after the war, and formed the Fascist Party; it was constituted in 1921.

In 1922 came the march on Rome. The city was peacefully occupied, and King Victor Emmanuel entrusted Mussolini with the task of forming a Government, which was done in seven hours.

A Doctrine of Youth

Beginning as a protest, Fascism has developed into a creed. Mussolini states it as a doctrine of Youth, to which nothing is impossible. To the Fascist the State is superior to the individual and claims his service as a sacred duty. The Fascist State recognises work as the foundation of human welfare.

In 1926 a law was enacted setting up statutory trade unions (or syndicates) of employers and employed. This law made strikes and lock-outs illegal and provided for conciliation and compulsory arbitration, with a final appeal to a special Industrial Court. With this law was associated a Labour Charter, which enunciated a gospel of work thus:

1. *The Italian nation is an organism having ends, a life, and means superior in power and duration to the single individuals or groups of individuals that compose it. It is a moral, political, and economic unity, which collectively realises itself in the Fascist State.*

2. *Work in all its forms, whether intellectual, technical, or manual, is a social duty. On this score, and only on this score, is it protected by the State.*

In 1934 followed the final step in organisation. After full discussion the organisation of work was made the basis of a Guild, and 22 National Guilds have been formed.

The National Guilds

The first group is concerned with work on the land and industries arising from it: Cereals; Fruit, Vegetables, and Flowers; Vineyard Products; Oils; Beet and Sugar; Animals and Fisheries; Forestry and Wood; Fibres and their products.

The second group is mainly industrial: Metal and Engineering; Chemicals; Clothing; Paper and Printing; Building; Water, Gas, Electricity; Mining and Quarrying; Glass and Pottery.

The third group covers services: Insurance and Banking; Arts and Professions; Sea and Air Transport; Inland Communications; Public Entertainment; Hotels, Spas, and so on.

Thus the whole of the working lives of Italians are included in Guilds, and these are charged with the efficiency and welfare of work and its honour as a servant of the community.

The Guilds do not own capital, but control and guide its use. A National Guild Council supervises the whole and coordinates effort. Each Guild is controlled by masters and men, aided by experts. A Guild covers the whole of a trade; thus the Building Guild includes brickmakers as well as bricklayers.

The Italian Parliament is composed of members elected by popular vote, but the nominations of candidates are made by the various federations of work and other important bodies, who submit 1000 names to the Fascist Grand Council.

From this 1000 the Council chooses 400 who are put up for national plebiscite.

Apart from the foundation of the Guilds the Fascist Government has worked great changes.

A Ministry of Bonifica (the word means to make good) has devoted itself to making the most of the small mountainous and largely infertile area of Italy. Enormous schemes of reclamation have been carried out, not the least being the draining of the famous Pontine Marshes and their conversion into thriving farmlands and model villages.

Electrical development has proceeded apace. A Battle of the Grain has been fought and won, Italy now being independent of foreign food. Roads have been multiplied and large schemes of housing completed.

On the social side a great Dopolavoro (After-Work) movement has brought new life to both urban and rural Italy. The object of this movement is to afford ample means for the entire population to enjoy rational amusement, sport, music, drama, cheap trains, touring, and so on. There are millions of members, the subscription being very small. There is also a splendid National Institute to help mothers and infants.

No Political Liberty

Against all this, the critics point out, there is no political liberty. Nor can workmen, as in England, set up independent Trade Unions to compete with the official legal syndicates of workers. Mussolini will allow no opposition to himself or to his Government, and is ruthless with his opponents.

He believes that a State, to uphold the natural rights of its people, must be armed, and that every citizen must be trained in arms. Military service is compulsory upon all classes and cannot be evaded. It was officially announced in Italy early in 1935 that the effect of the latest military laws would be to raise the trained forces of the State to between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 men—not as a standing army, but trained men in reserve, capable of bearing arms.

By a decree of 1934 every male Italian between the ages of 8 and 55 is to be a soldier. It is avowed that the Fascist ideal is a citizen soldier, prepared to do his duty as well on the field of battle as in the home, field, or workshop. The Italian Boy Scouts (called Balilla, after a Genoese boy who fought Austrians with stones in the old days) are made acquainted, not with innocent staves and jack-knives, but with toy rifles; and, when they become a little older, with real rifles and machine-guns. They are Scouts by compulsion. At 18 the young Italian, after 10 years of such preparation, enters on serious military training and remains at the call of the State until 55.

The Totalitarian State

It must be acknowledged that Mussolini and Fascism have pulled Italy together, and brought the nation through the world crisis with credit, although it is, of course, a land of poor natural resources possessing only a few colonies, mostly deserts. *The price paid has been the loss of liberty.* Mussolini has himself described his Fascist State as *the Totalitarian State, that is to say, the State which absorbs in order to transform and use all the energies, all the interests, all the hopes of a people.*

What the future holds no man can foretell, but there is nothing in the Guild State (unless it is the loss of individual liberty) which inherently prevents the further progress of a great revolution and the possible emergence of a new form of democracy.

Continued next week

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



All Together—A riding school at Northolt in Middlesex is run by the sisters who are seen in this picture taking their horses over hurdles.



Over the Net—An obstacle race for girls at a sports meeting at Bromley in Kent.



A Riverside Playground—The famous old training-ship Worcester is in the background of this picture taken at Greenhithe.

THE FINE CITY WITH TWO UGLY THINGS

WHY NOT PULL THEM DOWN?

The Railway Bridge at Rochester That Nobody Wants GOOD WORK FOR IDLE HANDS

Rochester, incomparable Rochester, has two ugly things (we could not count its fine ones).

One is the steeple of its famous cathedral, looking like a tin pot on its splendid tower; the other is the hideous railway bridge across the Medway.

This double-ended coal-scuttle bridge is not only a blot on the fair vista of the river; it is useless. To call it an eyesore is praising it. It has been abandoned for years because it was unsafe, and traffic was diverted to the more modern railway bridge. Grass and wild flowers are growing at one end as if to ask why it is kept there, and not even the Southern Railway, which is responsible for its continuance, could find an answer.

A Good Bargain

Railways never like to relinquish their rights, however unprofitable they may be; but this bridge is not a right, but a wrong. If the company shrinks from paying the cost of demolition the city of Rochester would make a good bargain by paying for it out of the rates. If, in addition, there is any question of compensation Rochester, which from time to time has paid generously for buying the castle and for improving the cathedral (though the restoration of the cathedral tower left its horrible steeple untouched), might surely pay for the removal of the bridge as a jubilee gift to the present and the future and to all who love the city's beauty.

In any case there is labour enough and to spare for pulling down a bridge that nobody wants, and we have no doubt whatever that Rochester is paying men every week for doing nothing who might be used for doing this most excellent piece of something.

YOUNG FARMERS A Movement Growing

There are now over 200 Young Farmers Clubs in England and Wales.

But for the setback in agriculture there would have been many more. Their membership runs into over four thousand, and it is anticipated that by the end of the year the number of clubs and the membership will have doubled.

These clubs are playing a vitally important part in the life of the countryside. There are, indeed, many villages where the only provision for giving children an interest in life comes from them. The membership, drawn from the children of farmers, farm workers, and smallholders, bands them together with a very simple purpose—that each of them shall undertake the care of some living thing. It may be an animal—a calf, a pig, a goat, rabbits, chickens, ducks. It may be trees and shrubs and flowers, or fruit bushes.

It was not easy at first, especially when times became so bad on the land, to find capital to provide the children with the objects for their care, but the banks helped, and the organisation is now on a sound footing, so much so that it is quite likely the Young Farmers will be able, by the end of this year, to contribute a substantial sum toward the King's Jubilee Trust. At the same time, however, the movement itself is in need of all possible support. After all there are still under 5000 club members in this country, whereas in America, where conditions are far worse, the membership has topped the million.

THE SHADOWS THAT ARE PASSING OVER THE WORLD

There have been two very important lectures of late which deserve more than the passing notice that our daily papers give such things, both concerning every one of us.

One is a talk given in the chapter house of Canterbury Cathedral by Sir Edward Grigg, M.P.; the other is a lecture given by Professor Gilbert Murray in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford.

Sir Edward Grigg spoke of what the British Empire has done to raise the standard of the individual; Professor Murray, contrasting last century with ours, considered the one supreme danger to civilisation.

We give a short summary of what these two notable men have been saying.

The Ideas For Which Our Empire Stands

It was not an accident (said Sir Edward Grigg) that the countries which had gone back on freedom, subordinated the individual man to the State, and said that the State was everything and the individual nothing, were finding themselves in opposition to the British Empire and were attacking Christianity itself. Russia had done that and Germany was doing it.

If we were to justify ourselves as a people governing a quarter of the world we had to do it by showing that we could raise people gradually in the scale of responsibility until they were able to govern themselves. When he read on coinage the King described as Defender of the Faith he liked to think it meant that the King symbolised the broad human ideas on which the Empire was now built.

The British Empire was really a great political system comprising four distinct parts, but this country was the heart and centre of the system. We had strong responsibilities to the Dominions, and unless we did our utmost to see that

they developed along our own lines, and supplied the populations and capital they would need, we should possibly find that the outposts of our institutions would not be able to stand up in competition with the modern world.

We must not allow the character of our people to deteriorate. We must prevent children passing from schools to the unemployment registers. It seemed intolerable that a democracy like ours should allow the steady undermining of the character of a section of our own people.

In regard to peace he believed that the freedom of Europe and the world was in mortal danger. There was every sign that the danger which menaced us at the beginning of the century was beginning to flaunt in the sky again. If we wanted to preserve our type of freedom (and indeed that was the foundation of human progress) we had to play our part, not only defending ourselves but also trying to prevent war breaking out anywhere by showing that we not only wanted to do it but were able to do it.

Will Civilisation Be Able To Recover?

To the men of his youth (said Professor Murray) Western civilisation, and especially British civilisation, was simply the right road of human progress.

One of the signs of their extreme faith in themselves at that time was the welcome which the age gave to destructive critics, who prophesied revolution and terrors which never came but did not see that the international anarchy of a world administered by some 60 independent States, nursing unlimited national ambitions, was a disease carrying the seeds of death.

Had Epimenides fallen asleep in 1880 he would have been surprised by the intense vitality of a world which, after losing some 25,000,000 lives in the war, showed an increased population; after losing incalculable masses of wealth in the same abyss, was now richer than it ever was.

Today there was a constant creation of new records in speed, in endurance, in flights to the stratosphere, or dives to the depth of the ocean, and advances were not confined to material things.

People now discussed the imminence of the collapse of civilisation. What had happened? It was no use saying simply that civilisation had received a mortal wound, or that everything was due to capitalism or to democracy. The chaos of today seemed to be the result of the impact of sudden and multifarious changes, striking, unfortunately, at a time when the people of many nations

were half mad with suffering, and all still staggering under the shock of the World War.

The greatest spreader of ideas today was the cinema, which overleaped the boundaries of nationality and language. It was expensive to produce, however, and a film that has high intellectual value, such as *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, would not have a dog's chance in the open market. Consequently, people who appreciated the highest style had to content themselves with the lower style, and inevitably were influenced.

Among all the disintegrating and bewildering influences he would have little doubt that our Western civilisation, with the impetus of its old tradition, as well as its present vitality, could easily recover its equilibrium, were it not for one particular danger. War, which up to a century ago offered possible advantages to the victor, and seldom inflicted irreparable damage, had now become incompatible with civilised society. He was not thinking specially of the direct destruction of life and property involved in the actual fighting. The consequences lasted long after the killing stopped.

Can we, or can we not, get rid of war, making it as nearly an impossibility between the nations of Europe as it is now between the United States and Canada? If we can (said Professor Murray) I am not much afraid of any of the other dangers facing the world.

A THING THAT IS ABSURD

Our great Colonial Empire sadly needs more capital and enterprise.

The Crown Colonies are undeveloped to a serious degree, and we are responsible to the world for their use. Meagre sums are expended in naturally rich territories and high rates of interest are paid for their employment.

It is absurd that a colony like Kenya should be paying as much as six per cent for development money.

Compare Kenya with Cardiff, which can borrow money at half that rate. It is surely for the British Treasury to give such guarantees as would enable colonial works to be undertaken on a liberal scale and with cheap money.

WHAT OF OUR SEAMEN?

The Tragic Plight of War Heroes

SUFFERERS FROM STRANGLED TRADE

We notice that the Officers Federation, which watches the interests of officers of the mercantile marine, makes the startling allegation that a number of officers receive less pay than men under them.

In a report they say that officers holding master's certificates, with over 20 years experience in one company, are drawing less than the carpenter and other ratings under their command.

During the war the Ministry of Shipping founded the National Maritime Board to regulate pay and conditions in our merchant navy, and much good resulted; but after the war the Board lost its official status and the great depression led to cuts in rates of pay.

The Public Should Know

The report we quote from says that the public should know that many of our war-time mariners shivered last winter in miserable lodgings with little to hope for but the speedy passage of time to bring an end to their miseries.

One merchant captain, who commanded transports in the war, was reduced to receiving instruction for painting cardboard model houses as a condition of receiving "public assistance."

It is the lot of seamen not only to lead a hardworking and dangerous life, but to be forgotten by landmen. That, no doubt, is why seamen are worse paid than many other workers.

It is a big profession, seafaring, for even during bad trade the census of 1934 gave a total of 151,000. Pity it is that the international strangulation of trade does so much harm to this fine body of men.

READ OR PAY

Rounding Up the Ignorant

China is getting tired of ignorance, it seems; next year anyone in Nanking between the ages of 6 and 50 will be fined a farthing if he cannot read.

Appalled at the ignorance of the population of their capital, the Chinese authorities have issued a primer of 1000 characters and ordered the students to teach the ignorant from it; otherwise they will not be allowed to graduate. As half the population of Nanking cannot read, the students have a task which will keep them busy until next May, when the fine will come into force.

The police are to be the official testers, and will stop anyone they like who, if he fails to read the primer, will have to pay a farthing on the spot. The penalty is called the Ignorant People's Tax.

There are likely to be some amusing encounters in the streets of China's capital next summer.

TOO MANY SHOPS?

It seems that we have about 964,000 shops in this country, one for every 44 people, and especially there are too many sweet shops.

Already Liverpool has started a campaign to make a limit of 150 yards between each sweet shop, thus reducing the number. The National Union of Retail Confectioners believes that only in this way can the trade be saved from overcrowding, and the scheme is to be extended all over the country.

Certainly our people have a sweet tooth. Since 1915 sweet shops have increased by 150 per cent. There were only 100,000 twenty years ago. Today 250,000 shops with alluring displays of toffee and chocolates may be found in our towns, waiting to charm away our pocket-money.

THREE CHEERS FOR A WAR

"Children make war," we read. The news comes from Greece.

But it is a good sort of war, a war against ill-health. The present campaign is against insanitary conditions in the village of Pechora. The children tell of it in their own words in their Junior Red Cross magazine.

"We have declared war on mosquitoes (they say). We dig little trenches so that the stagnant water can run off and the mosquitoes cannot lay their eggs on it. We pour petrol on all the small swamps. We also put lime in dirty places. Once a week we make a round of the village to see if there are any dead animals and bury them."

NEW FAMILIES AT THE ZOO

NINE TEMPLE VIPERS

The Komodo Dragons Keep Their Keeper Active

A TOO EXPERT CLIMBER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Reptile House at the Zoo now boasts of three families of baby snakes.

One family consists of nine Temple vipers, and as the parents made it clear they intended to behave well toward their offspring it was not thought necessary to remove the babies to a separate nursery.

The second family are a quartet of gribo snakes, non-venomous South American reptiles which feed on poisonous snakes. As in their case the parents seemed unfriendly the newcomers were moved to another cage.

A Pile of Eggs

The third family, Indian water snakes, were hatched from eggs. In April the mother, a checkered keelback, or Indian water snake, laid a pile of eggs at the back of her cage and then took no further interest in them. They were, therefore, covered with a damp cloth to prevent them from becoming dry, and neither keepers nor parents interfered with them. In the middle of June four baby snakes were hatched, and then placed in a small tank in the cage where the parents were.

The two 6-feet Komodo dragons presented to the Zoo by Lord Moyne are now at home in their new surroundings. When they arrived these giant lizards were in excellent condition, but were puzzled by menagerie life, and for six weeks went on hunger-strike. The livelier of the two then ate a piece of raw meat and soon developed a hearty appetite. The second waited a few days longer, and when he began to feed he chose white rats for his meals.

Unlike the famous Sumba and Sumibawa, who became friendly almost on their arrival, the two new specimens are real dragons in temperament. Though shy, if they think that they are in danger of being disturbed they are extremely aggressive.

Broken Bulbs

Several times while cleaning their den the keeper has had to take care to avoid being attacked and his broom has often suffered severely at the hands—or rather teeth—of the reptiles. One of them attracts much attention by climbing up and down the pillars with which his cage is furnished.

He climbs with the agility of a monkey and even balances himself on precarious ledges, but from the official point of view he is too expert. For he can climb up to the sunlight lamp at the top of his home and has smashed so many bulbs that his supply of artificial sunshine has been cut off until some means of protecting the lamp has been devised.

Another Zoo event is that the binturong has a new family. As soon as baby squeaks were heard the cage was draped with canvas and arrangements made to leave her alone until she chose to show off her offspring.

CARRYING THE SMOKE UP

Thirteen steel chimneys have been scrapped at Manchester's electrical power station at Barton, and their place has been taken by two brick chimneys, each carried on a tower.

Each chimney contains 290,000 bricks, and the pair weigh 4350 tons. Each tower weighs 725 tons, and the total height of the chimneys reaches 300 feet. The chimneys are outside the works, and have cost £20,000.

SIDCOT'S PAGEANT

Old Times Come Back To School

The boys and girls of the old Quaker school at Sidcot, on the edge of the Mendip Hills, have a great heritage.

When the soldiers invaded the Quaker meeting at Bristol one First Day (as Friends called Sunday) in 1665, and took the fathers and mothers off to gaol for the crime of worshipping as they thought right, the children continued to carry on the meeting, and it is from this group of children that the school can claim to have grown.

In 1699 a school was started at Sidcot, 15 miles from Bristol on the Exeter Road. It had its ups and downs, but in 1808 it was firmly founded with kindly John and Martha Benwell as master and mistress. Since then Sidcot has never looked back, and its boys and girls have always been known as the Family.

The Last Century

Now they have been enjoying a pageant of their own, a series of scenes of school life during the last century, not "made up" but in almost every detail founded on old records and letters from children and staff. We saw the boys at work in the garden, and the girls not altogether cheerfully taking over the task of stocking darning from the boys, and it was odd also to see how the Juvenile Improvement Society of 1824 was once jeopardised by the fact that the secretary's minutes had inadvertently been licked off his slate!

There were some curious punishments then, such as the Grammar Log, a piece of wood chained to a boy's leg for mistakes in speech, and the Reflection Box, a cupboard in which an offender was put to reflect. Happily this barbarous form of punishment was quickly abandoned.

The scenes came to an end with a Pageant of the Passing Years, showing John and Martha Benwell watching the many changes which were to come after their time. They are surprised to see the growing freedom allowed to the boys and girls; how cumbrous dresses pass and the children take up sports and hobbies and music.

We can read it all and many other stories of Sidcot, in Evelyn Robert's Sidcot Pageant of School Life, just published by Dent at 3s 6d, an uncommon and beautiful little book.

Picture on page 3

WHAT DOES NORMAN ANGELL SAY?

£100 For a Simple Explanation

The head of an English school has offered £100 for the best lesson in the form of an essay of 1500 or 2000 words explaining the guiding principles of Sir Norman Angell's three books—The Great Illusion, Unseen Assassins, and Preface to Peace.

The essay should not be necessarily either in praise or critical, but is meant first of all to explain simply.

The judges will be Professor Gilbert Murray, the Headmaster of Rugby, Sir Philip Gibbs, and Norman Angell himself. The books are published by Heinemanns and Hamish Hamiltons, from whom particulars may be obtained.

THE GREAT GREEN BELT

The ambitious American scheme for a great Shelter Belt was started last spring.

Four million trees will be planted this year in an area 150 miles long, and the whole belt will measure 1000 miles.

The Shelter Belt will stretch from Texas to the Canadian border. It will act as a screen against the strong westerly winds which sweep every year across the United States, carrying away the good surface soil from the vast prairie fields and in this way robbing the land of moisture.

THE IDLE PEOPLE

FACTS ABOUT THE WORKLESS ARMY

Confusion in the Figures of the Unemployed

HOW LONG ARE THEY OUT?

The confusion about the meaning of the official unemployed figures seems to increase.

We find Mr Lloyd George speaking of 2,000,000 workless and being reproached by a critic who says the real core of the unemployed number no more than 380,000 who have been out of work for 12 months or more.

Let us look at the facts.

In every town, large and small, there is an official Employment Exchange under the Ministry of Labour. Here the unemployed are registered. If they are workers in trades insured against unemployment they have to register themselves and call regularly to obtain benefit and to see if any jobs are going.

Then there are the uninsured people, such as agricultural labourers. They are under no obligation to register for work, but often do.

The Count at the Exchanges

On one day in each month all the unemployed so registered, whether insured or not, are counted at each exchange.

Thus on April 15 the number so counted was 2,030,272, not a complete figure, because all the idle do not register, but covering all the known unemployed on April 15.

On every day when the count was made last year it revealed over two million out-of-works; not very long ago it was nearly three.

The people found to be all out of work on the same day have not, of course, all been unemployed for the same length of time. The period of idleness is naturally found to vary a good deal. Of this we have not a complete record, but for April 15 the officials are able to tell us for what periods unemployment had been suffered by 1,729,024 of the 2,030,272 counted. These were those applying for benefit or allowance.

The 1,729,024 were thus made up:

Time Idle	Number
Under 3 months	880,908
3 to 6 months	234,389
6 to 9 months	144,838
9 to 12 months	87,776
12 or more	381,113
Total ..	1,729,024

Now we see where the critic's 381,113 comes from. He had picked out one item, and that incomplete, for all the unemployed were not in the list.

Even in this partial list, however, we see how serious the case is:

Time Idle	Number
Over a year	381,113
9 months or more	468,889
6 months or more	613,727
3 months or more	848,116

It is indeed food for thought when it is found that over 848,116 persons were found to have been out of work for over three months and 613,727 for over six.

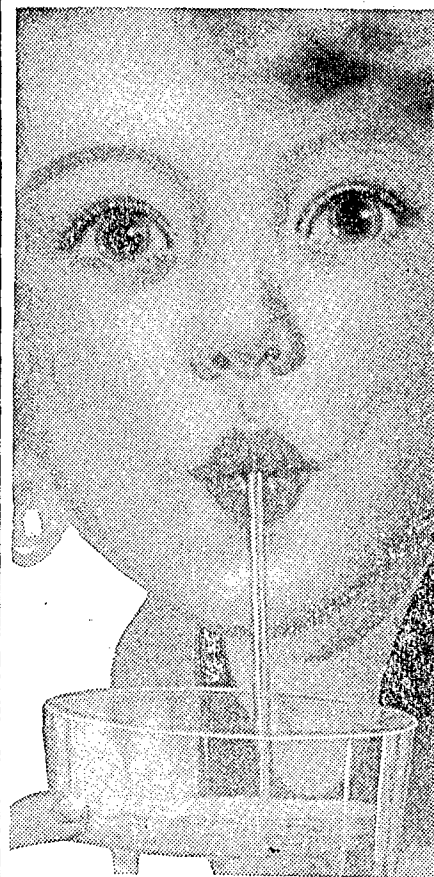
A Startling Answer

Finally we come to the consideration, how does unemployment affect the whole body of workers?

If over two millions are found out of work on any day we care to count them, and if these two millions do not always represent the same people, how many people were unemployed for some period or other, long or short, during 1934?

The answer is a startling one; it is about seven millions.

This means that something like half of all our manual workers suffer unemployment during a year. That serious fact shows how uncertain earnings are for a great army of people, and how nominal wages are reduced by idle periods.



*"Oooh!....
How lovely!
I'll have this
every day"*

MANY a mother will be grateful this summer for the instant appeal which 'Ovaltine'—served cold—makes to her children. Its creamy deliciousness is so tempting when appetites are fickle. And its rich nourishment is just what is needed to make light summer meals complete in health-giving value.

'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfect food prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. It contains the vitamins and other valuable nutritive elements necessary to create energy and vitality and to build up perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

For these reasons 'Ovaltine' is an essential part of every child's summer dietary. But, be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine,' there is nothing "just as good." And remember that even when away from home you can obtain 'Ovaltine'—served cold or hot—at the leading Cafés and Restaurants.

'OVALTINE'
Cold or Hot

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.144a

*Every Boy and Girl
should join the
League of Ovaltineys*

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official handbook and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 'Ovaltine' Factory, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.

HE HELPED THE BLIND TO SEE

Jules Gonin Leaves
the World

WHAT HE DID FOR IT

There must be hundreds of people who owe their happiness to Jules Gonin.

To lose the sight of this lovely world and then to see it again—what glorious happiness that must be!

It was Professor Jules Gonin who discovered an operation for the cure of detachment of the retina. This has raised the possible restoration of sight in such cases to as high as 50 per cent.

Famous eye specialists from all over the world visited him at Lausanne, and he gladly told them all his secrets. He did not want to make a fortune, he did not want to take other men's patients; he wanted to cure the blind.

Honorary degrees were bestowed on him all over Europe, in token of gratitude for his great work and his generosity. But he remained the most modest of men. People who travelled to Lausanne to see the great specialist were surprised to find him so simple and kindly. It was hard to realise that the man with the manner of a nice schoolboy was the great professor.

It is sad to know that he has passed away; but his marvellous knowledge did not die with him. He had time to complete a great treatise on ophthalmic surgery which will probably enlighten hundreds of people yet unborn.

TAKING THE SMOKE OUT OF THE AIR

There is only one way to clear the air of cities, and it is to take the smoke out of it.

The best way of doing so is not to let the smoke get into it. A possible way of preventing some of it from doing so at its source has been lately shown by the Chairman of the Fuel Research Board at East Greenwich.

A wool filter was spread to catch the smoke ascending from a small chimney which was receiving the smoke from a fire of a quarter of a sack, 14 pounds, of coal. When the coal had burned away the blackened wool weighed six ounces more than before. In other words about a thirtieth of the coal had gone up the chimney in smoke.

This explains why there are days in winter when the air of London is not fit to breathe.

PADDY'S PAPER

At a farm in Victoria, Australia, is a dog which takes delivery of the morning newspaper each morning and carries it a quarter of a mile to the home of its master.

For two years this black and white dog has not failed. He sits at the top of a hill and waits. Many cars pass along the road, but Paddy takes no notice of them. As soon as the mail car reaches within 300 yards of him he dashes down the hill.

At first the paper was thrown over the gate for him, but he has gradually improved his technique until he now takes it from the moving car.

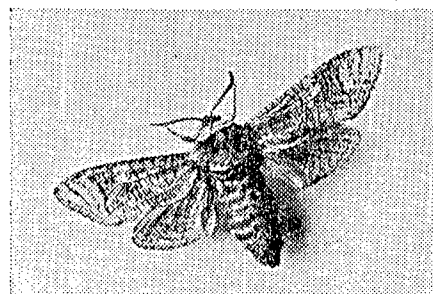
On Sunday mornings he devotes all his attention to his duties on the farm, for, there being no Sunday newspapers in Victoria, he knows that there is nothing for him to fetch.

FOR THE PESSIMIST

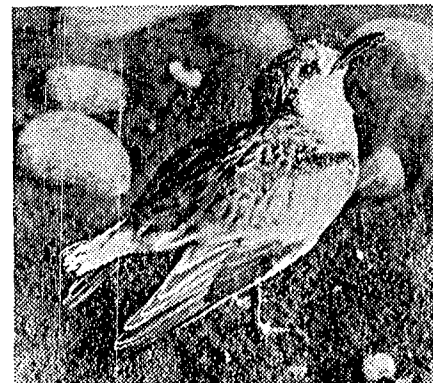
General Evangeline Booth, now returned from a world tour of 42,000 miles, has a cheering message for pessimists.

After meeting the leading statesmen of many countries and coming in touch with people of all classes, she says: "I am convinced that another world war is impossible. From what I have seen on my tour I am certain there is too much good, too much brain, and too much heart in high places to allow it."

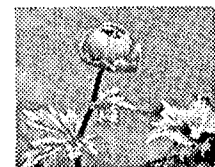
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



The large and handsome goat moth appears



The young lesser terns are fast growing up



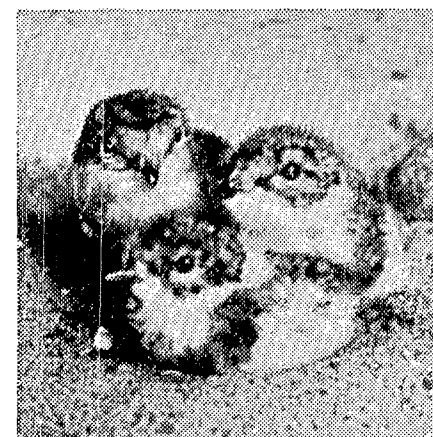
The globe flower is now in full bloom in mountainous districts



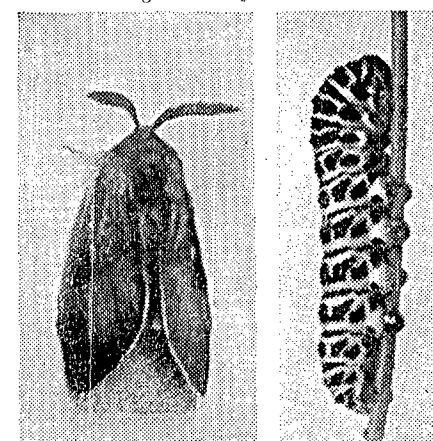
The aromatic hemp agrimony is beginning to flower in moist places



The meadowsweet is now to be found in blossom



The nestlings of the ringed plover are seen feeding on shrimps on the sand



The oak eggar moth and the swallowtail butterfly caterpillar are seen

AN ISLAND IN THE MARKET

And Possibly a Throne

THE TALE OF CARL PETTERSSON

Who wants to buy an island with a royal crown thrown in?

He may have the island of Tabar, in the South Seas north of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, which has been put up for sale by its present ruler, King Charles the First, formerly Carl Pettersson, of Sweden.

About 30 years ago Carl Pettersson was shipwrecked off the coast of Tabar, became friendly with the natives, and lived among them for some time before he found means to return to Sweden. When he did return he made the regrettable discovery that his native land bored him after the glamour of the South Seas, and he ended by winding up his affairs and going back to Tabar for good.

A Rousing Welcome

The islanders, who had grown fond of him, gave him a rousing welcome, and he was eventually given, just as in the story books, the hand of Princess Sindo, the native king's daughter, in marriage. After the old king's death he became ruler of the island, and apparently acquitted himself well, for he escaped the fate of so many of his brother monarchs in Europe and retained his throne, notwithstanding that after the death of his native queen he took an English wife.

But all things must come to an end, and, his health having begun to suffer under the effects of the tropical climate, King Charles has decided to throw his realm on the market and return to Europe as soon as he has found a successor.

LET US BE CHEERFUL

Portugal has found quite a new way of promoting cheerfulness among the workers.

It is going to tax them for a kind of State lottery from which will be drawn prizes for those who have been most cheerful at their work.

Every worker will have to pay, and so that there shall be no doubt about it his contribution will be deducted from his wages, but when Christmas comes he may hope to find his name among those who have been the most ardent supporters of the Government policy.

In that event he will be presented, out of the National Cheerfulness Fund, with a free cruise or other diversion selected for him by his superiors.

MR EVERYMAN AND THE RAINY DAY

Mr Everyman is saving more and spending more.

Post Office Savings Accounts increased by more than 16 millions during the first five months of this year, and Mr Everyman has now 370 millions to his credit in this country. Together with Government stock this makes a total of 550 millions in the Post Office Bank, an increase of 350 millions since 1910.

Ten million depositors now put their spare pounds, shillings, and pence into the Post Office, and every day about 120,000 people take money out or pay it in at the 16,000 banks.

THE ARMY TAKES TEA

About half the world export of tea is drunk in the United Kingdom.

We can account for some of it. After the Aldershot Tattoo the other day 1100 parched bandsmen, infantry, and gunners trooped from the field and quenched their thirst with—tea.

The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates

Put him down and keep them down

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

A Spade Touches
Something Hard

8000 PENGOS FOR A FARMER AND HIS MAN

The fabled tomb of Attila still haunts the imagination of men.

The thought that somewhere in the earth the great chieftain lies buried, surrounded by his bloodhounds, his favourite horse, and a wealth of gold and silver treasure, lures like a will-o'-the-wisp the imaginative, the adventurous, and the greedy. Likely and unlikely places have been ransacked, all so far without result.

That untold riches lie underground is certain, but it is not the treasure-seeker who finds them. It is those who till the ground for mankind's daily bread, and they come upon them when they least expect them.

In a Hungarian Vineyard

Thus a day labourer digging in a Hungarian vineyard the other day, feeling his spade strike against something hard, threw the something aside in disgust because it had blunted the edge of his tool. It was only when, one by one, other strangely-shaped objects appeared that he thought of calling the farmer to whom the vineyard belonged and showed him what he had found. The two men scraped the mould from the curiously-shaped things and were thrilled to discover that they were of gold! There were goblets, a quiver, a whip handle, a horn, rings, buckles, and other ornaments, 78 pieces, all gold and some jewel-studded.

It was a pleasant windfall to a poor farmer and a poorer labourer, for the directors of the National Museum of Budapest, recognising the treasure as the property of some Avar chieftain, of beautiful workmanship and exceptional historic interest, paid the two men 2000 pengos (about £80) down and promised them 6000 pengos more.

THE LITTLE THINGS THEY LEAVE BEHIND

So many umbrellas and overcoats were left behind at the Aldershot Tattoo after only two performances that a room at the police station was filled with lost property.

Opera-glasses and spectacles had been left behind by careless people, and one lady must have hurried home as fast as Cinderella after the ball, for she lost one of her shoes.

THE BAD OLD DAYS AND THE BAD OLD WAYS

Nose rings will soon be out of fashion in Tripoli.

General Balbo, the famous Italian airman who is Governor-General there, says that in future rings must not be put through children's noses. He is also forbidding fakirs to walk on red-hot coals, to swallow scorpions, or to burn the flesh.

Soon such practices will belong to the bad old days, where they should be allowed to remain.

ANDREW BAHR'S REINDEER

Andrew Bahr's group of reindeer, which reached the Mackenzie River delta after the Five Year Trek from Alaska along the Arctic coast, have settled down happily in their new Canadian home.

The Eskimos to whom they were sent have been given new hope for the future. The reindeer are in good condition, and are looking after 600 fawns which were born last spring.

THE COMING OF SATURN

BEREFT OF HIS RINGS
Remarkable Array of Worlds
Across the Sky

JUPITER, MARS, AND VENUS

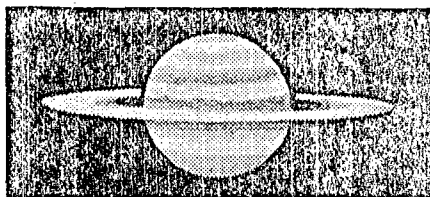
By the C.N. Astronomer

The beautiful and mysterious world of Saturn is now becoming better placed for observation in the late evening hours.

At present he rises about 11.30, but as he appears about half an hour earlier each week he will before long be adorning the south-east sky as soon as it is dark.

Saturn rises a little way to the right of east and almost in a line with Alpha and Beta in Pegasus, the two bright stars which form the right side of the Great Square. Saturn is in Aquarius, but as no bright star is near he cannot be mistaken.

Though shining like a bright first-magnitude star Saturn is less brilliant than in recent years; this is due to the fact that his wonderful Rings are begin-



Present appearance of Saturn's Rings

ning to close up and appear as shown in the accompanying picture.

Being presented more and more edge-wise the sunlight thus reflected from them to us becomes much reduced, and by next year the Rings will vanish altogether; all that may then be seen in powerful telescopes will be a thin streak of light extending in a perfectly straight line on either side of Saturn and appearing as if studded with luminous beads, these being the larger agglomerations of the numerous tiny satellites which compose the Rings.

At present Saturn is about 860 million miles away and so nearly twice as far as Jupiter, which is almost due south of an evening and about 440 million miles distant. The reddish Mars, some way to the right of Jupiter, is about 98 million miles away from us, while the intensely brilliant Venus is only 61 million miles distant and incidentally the nearest world to us except the Moon.

We have thus all four of the most brilliant of the major planets stretching in a curved line across the evening sky and arranged in their respective order outward from the Sun. Such an arrangement is rarely presented to the Earth's inhabitants, and it is more remarkable when we take into account the position of the planet Uranus, which is some way to the north-east of Saturn, at the other end of the curved line and in its relative position as farthest from the Sun and from us, Uranus being at present about 1865 million miles away.

Whereas Mars and Jupiter are receding from us, Venus, Saturn, and Uranus are approaching and so becoming brighter.

Result of Perspective

Saturn will be at his nearest to us at the end of August and about 50 million miles nearer, the brightest object in the southern sky. Meanwhile Mars and Jupiter will have veered round toward the west, and it will be interesting to watch the rapid coming together of these two planets as seen from the Earth, for, of course, it is the result of perspective. They will appear to pass one another on August 27, when they will appear to be only four times the apparent width of the Moon apart.

By that time Venus will have sunk down in the west and become lost in the Sun's rays; a telescope will, however, reveal Venus as a slender crescent, which will become narrower until this will vanish and Venus will then be at her nearest to us.

G. F. M.

BETTER TIMES FOR HARD-UP ARTISTS

Paintings For
Mr Everyman

Two ideas are now being adopted which ought to do much toward making the fortunes of artists more even.

At a recent exhibition in London a number of artists offered their works for sale on the hire-purchase system.

The other idea, born in England and now being copied in America, is the idea of paying living artists for the hire of their works while they are on exhibition. The Carnegie Corporation of New York has just arranged a travelling show of 99 pictures by American artists.

It only remains to combine these two ideas to bring modern paintings into Mr Everyman's home.

The hire-purchase system which helps Mr Average Man is still beyond Everyman's purse, but he could take a picture into his home for six months, a month, or two weeks and learn to love its every detail, if he could have it on hire.

BUYING A HOUSE

Your Town Will Help You

Perhaps few people know that under an old Housing Act and the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act a local authority has power to act as a building society. It can lend to a citizen the greater part of the money he needs to buy a house, and arrange easy repayments by instalments.

As local authorities can command cheap money their charges are less than those made by building societies.

It is pointed out that the Government's new Housing Bill will reduce the powers of local authorities in this matter by limiting their loans to houses valued at not more than £800, whereas the law as it now stands puts the limit at £1500.

MOTHS AT A PREMIUM

A penny for a clothes moth.

This was the cry that ran round Copenhagen the other day. It seemed like the bargain of New Lamps for Old! and the response was as ready.

An advertisement in a Copenhagen morning paper (Living Moths Bought) began it. Nobody knew why they were wanted, nobody cared; but they set about supplying them with every intention of satisfying the demand.

One man rang up and said he had a settee full of them. During the day over 1000 offers were made, and at the height of the boom the price rose to £8 for 2000 specimens.

The advertisers were soon the possessors of 9000 healthy moths, and then, to satisfy the curious, they announced that the moths were to take part in an experiment to test a chemical which it is hoped will make fabrics moth-proof.

HARD WORK IN JAPAN

Japan has now some 68 million people, or roundly about the same number as there are Germans in Germany and British in the British Empire.

Thus Japan is a great Power actually in numbers, while the gifts of her people make her great in another sense.

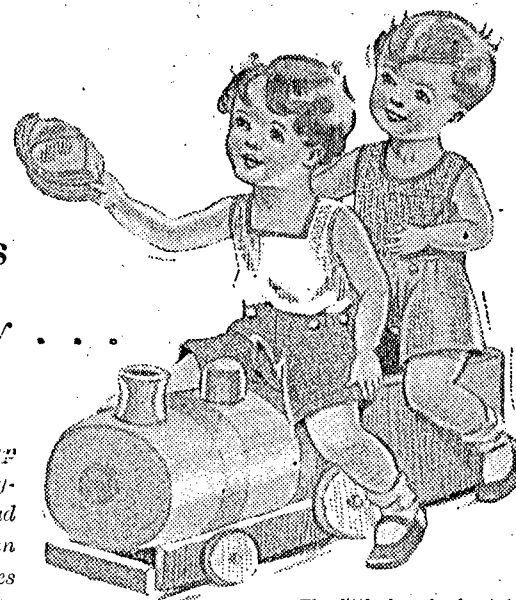
Of the 68 million Japanese about 31 millions work for gain, of whom about 10 millions are employers or independent workers, nine millions are agricultural workers, and between two and three millions are engaged in commerce.

The wage-earners in industry number 5,100,000, and nearly a half of these are factory workers. About a third of all these industrial wage-earners are women and girls.

Hours of work are long, the average daily working time being over ten hours. Allowing for 57 minutes rest, the figures show a net actual working-day of over nine hours.

My Mother was a Revolutionary . . .

she never would muffle us up like other children . . . everybody thought she was mad . . . Thank goodness we can buy the right kind of clothes for our kiddies, all ready made . . . Well, my infants always wear Aertex—I took the doctor's advice. He was most emphatic about it . . . he said half the illnesses are caused through wearing heavy clothes so that the skin can't breathe. . . . You see, Aertex has a cellular weave which allows sun and air to get to the body—Ask your own doctor, you'll find he'll recommend Aertex for your family.



The little boy in front is wearing the Allan sun suit, which is made in three different colour contrasts—Canary/Blue, Canary/Green, Cream/Pawn. The suit is made in sizes to fit children from the age of 3 to about 7, and it costs 7/11. The child at the back wears the Douglas sun suit. The blouse is in Tweed Twist check, and the trousers in plain colour. Three shades—brown, green and blue. This suit fits children from about 3 to 6 years of age. Price is 6/11 in any size.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Don't Miss This Exciting Story

THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED

Serial Story
By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 1
Tomorrow

It was Roger Greyson's last night at Kelleaster. Tomorrow he would have done with the old place for good, except when he turned up now and then, he supposed, as an Old Boy.

"Well," he was saying in his study to Orme, who had shared the room with him for three terms now, very amiably, "well, Orme, old man, I've nothing to grouse about. I've had a jolly good innings here, and it's about time I made room for somebody else. Do you know I'll be 18 next birthday?"

"I thought so," smiled Orme. "But you haven't told me what your father intends for you."

"I don't know myself," declared Roger. "I only know I'm not to go into any of the professions."

"But your father was in the Army!"

"He's not sending me. Says he can't afford it," Roger answered.

Orme leaned back and regarded his friend, who had rather too much nose, possibly, and rather too square a chin and too stubborn a mouth to carry off prizes for looks. But "handsome is as handsome does" was Orme's motto, and a handsomer fellow in this sense than Roger, he'd say, was not to be found in a day's march. He only wished, he would tell his people at home, that he had half of old Roger's pugnacious ability to see a thing through, be it merely a tiger of a construe or a game in which the odds were all piled up against him.

Then Orme remarked: "So you're looking forward to leaving?"

"I'm not and I am, if you understand me," said Roger. "I'm looking forward, of course, to having a stab at earning my own living, but, as a matter of fact, I'm looking forward particularly to a jolly good summer at home with my father. I haven't any brothers or sisters, and since my mother's death my father has drawn right into himself. He hasn't kept up with any of his old friends; you might call him a recluse, Orme. But," Roger paused, "he and I have always hit it," he uttered. "We have had some good times together, my father and I. And I wasn't at home at Easter," he added regretfully.

"No; your father took you on that pleasure cruise, didn't he?"

Roger laughed. "Yes; and would you believe me?" he answered, "I could only catch the ship by the skin of my teeth by haring straight off from here; and the cruise only finished in time to allow me to make a dash back here from the landing-stage! You never saw any arrangement cut so fine both ways! And what possessed the old boy to spend Easter like that I can't tell you, unless he thought that it would expand my mind."

"I expect so," said Orme. "At any rate, I'd have swopped with you. I'd rather spend Easter at sea than in London."

"So would I, if I lived in London, most likely. But, as a matter of fact," resumed Roger, "as we're waxing so confidential, I don't mind owning that I'm rather keen on our house. I tell you flatly, I love it."

With the last words he shot a defiant glance at his friend as though challenging him, if he dared, to laugh at such sentiment. But Orme did not laugh.

"If you feel that way," he replied, "I don't see why you should hesitate to confess it. Beside, old boy, you were always a sentimentalist."

"That," remarked Roger, laughing, "is just what my father says. He says I'm like a cat, attached more to places than to persons."

"But I thought it was frightfully lonely and dreary round you?"

"It is. It is frightfully dreary and frightfully lonely. You see, what with the erosions of the sea and all this motoring, new roads and by-passes, our little corner has got pushed right off the map. Right off the map," he repeated, stressing the words. "There's not a soul living on the marshes round us nowadays, though they did in the olden times when all that was meadowland, before the sea swamped it, bit by bit."

"And now it's all salt marshes?"

"Yes; the fault of the sea when it ate up the cliffs to the east. But the Priory itself escaped, thanks to the monks, who might have foreseen, when they built it, how one day the sea would encroach."

Orme always enjoyed drawing Roger out on this subject. He liked to hear Roger enthuse, and to watch how his eyes shone whenever he could let himself go all out on it; and it amused Orme now and then to pull his friend's leg. So now, adopting the solemnest tone he could muster: "Well, I'm blest," he declared, "if I'd live in such a solitary hole!"

"Silly ass!" returned Roger most cordially. "You know it isn't the place: it's the house that's my magnet. Quite apart from the fact that generations of Greysons have been born there, the house itself is a gem of historical interest." He grinned. "That's what the guide-books call it," he uttered. "It's quite a small Tudor house, you know, but of perfect design; built in 1457 for the prior of the monks of St Redwald and joined on to their monastery..."

Orme indulged in the motion of one who winds up a gramophone. Old Roger was fairly wound up now.

"Was it?" smiled Orme.

"Yes, it was, you ass! I've often told you all this before."

"Go on, old man!" Orme insisted.

"Well, Henry the Eighth came along, and he started in, as you know, to kibosh the monasteries. Old Fatty came puffing along and he dissolved the monasteries, making a present of St Redwald's to William de Varley, who'd been sucking up to him. Friend William sold all the lands straight back to the Crown, who possess them up to this day; and much good they've been to them. And he certainly couldn't do with the whole of the monastery, so he pulled every bit of it down except the Priory. 'By golly!' he shouted. 'I'll live in that Priory myself!' And so he did, and so did his jolly old descendants until Charles the Second re-collared the throne from the Commonwealth, when the De Varley of that time skeddaddled to Holland after selling the Priory to Master Nicholas Greyson, as the deeds call him, a retired physician who'd made bags of money by curing cavaliers of their gout." Roger paused.

"Running down?" observed Orme. "I'd better fix a new needle. Just half a mo'."

JACKO ENTERTAINS

Jacko and his friend Chimp thought it would be a splendid thing to fix up a summer-house for themselves at the bottom of the garden.

They spent days in getting it ready, and at last it was finished, complete with camp beds, wooden boxes for tables, and bits of crockery and furniture which Mother Jacko lent them.

The last thing to be added was a cooking outfit, for which the boys had been saving up for a long time.



"You naughty, impertinent boy!" she cried

"Coo! This is something like a place!" cried Jacko, gaily sticking pictures on the walls. "We'll soon show 'em how to furnish with taste."

A few afternoons later Mrs Jacko was entertaining Miss Ape and another lady in the drawing-room when Jacko popped his head in to ask if they would like to see the summer-house.

"Indeed we should," they replied, and out they all trooped.

"There!" he said, proudly bowing them through the tiny doorway.

"What a delightful place!" ex-

claimed one. "So marvellously fitted up!" cried the other.

Just as they were leaving something caught Miss Ape's eye.

"Why, mercy me!" she exclaimed. "You've even got the telephone!"

Jacko grinned. It was just what he had been waiting for.

"Fashionable to be on the phone these days," he answered. "Would you like to ring anyone up?"

"Why, yes, I should," replied Miss

Ape. "Most kind of you. I should like to speak to my maid."

Jacko sprang forward.

"Let me get her for you," he cried, picking up the receiver. Then, chuckling to himself, he pressed it hard.

"Squish!"

"Oh! oh!" screamed Miss Ape, pulling out her handkerchief. "You naughty, impertinent boy!" she cried. "That's no more a telephone than..."

But the young scamp didn't wait for her to finish. Jacko's telephone was a novelty scent-spray!

Recollection of this sent Roger's thoughts farther ahead. He thought of his father waiting to meet him at Hornbeam—the Halt, it was nothing more, where the train would put in for him and then, after backing cautiously out, would go winding round the distant loop into Coldhaven.

He supposed his father would come along in the two-seater (he must persuade the old boy to buy a new one this summer), and they'd chuck his luggage aboard and rattle down the road till they reached the low wall and the gate with the marshes behind them, when his father would mutter, "Now, keep a watch out on your side, Roger!" as with bumpings and joltings they picked up the difficult track.

And the house would be drawing nearer out of the haze. Not lofty, nor over-large; but a miniature of beauty, with its gables, its doorway ornamented and carved, its projecting bay windows divided by mullions and transoms, its refectory within, and in the refectory a pulpit from which a monk used to read to the prior while he was dining.

And the little gallery upstairs for the minstrels! And then...

He was brought from his thoughts with a jerk. The train had pulled up abruptly to let an old woman get in at one of the little stations no one had heard of.

As they panted away from there the sky was all blue, but now it changed, and was so overcast by the time they neared Whinberry that when Roger jumped up to wave to the Crab Apple Inn it had not any sun on its panes to wink back with. Ah, but now for the Halt. He leaned his head and shoulders out of the window to spot his father first and call to him first before the old boy could spot him. Roger strained his eyes—they were running alongside the platform—and he hadn't sighted his father yet. No one was there.

The solitary porter wore a strange face. So Harry had gone at last, had he, Roger reflected. He wondered how long this fellow had taken his place.

"Have you seen Colonel Greyson?" he asked, as he gave up his ticket.

The new porter shook his head. "Nay, I doubt if I know him. It's naught but two weeks come Monday I've been here myself, sir."

Well, it didn't matter; he would leave his suitcases here and go and meet his father coming along. Methuselah, the car, had probably broken down on the way, so he wouldn't hurry; they'd meet somewhere on the road. He gave the porter his luggage and, promising to return for it by and by, he stepped across the rails on his start for the marshes.

At first he went down the winding road slowly, expecting to hear the honk of the car every instant. He was listening all the time; but he heard nothing, saw nothing. Much marvelling what it could be which was keeping his father, he began to step out impatiently.

On a bright clear day as soon as he'd passed through the gate in the wall he could see the Priory across the salt marshes. On a hazy summer day he could just see its sheen, could make out its outline through the haze. On a day like this, with the sun gone right in and clouds lowering, he would have needed the eye of a hawk to get any sight of it. So he contented himself with keeping his eyes on the track, which, well as he knew it, might lead him into a bog if he deviated half a foot from the causeway. This was just broad enough for a car.

At last Roger raised his head for a look at the Priory. He ought to be able to see its chimneys, at any rate, by now. No, he couldn't, by George! How curious that was; this must be one of those days when the visibility, as they called it, was bad.

He broke into a run, dropped into a trot, and then halted. He stood stock-still and stared.

He kept staring, with his mouth slightly open and his eyes growing wider and wider, because he saw nothing except the waste of the marshes.

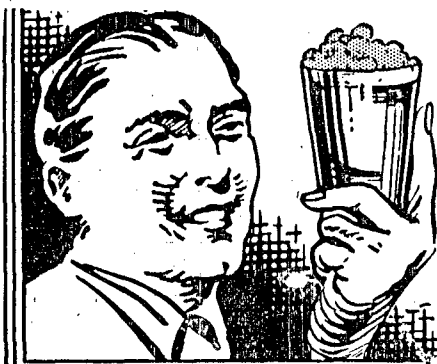
What an idiot he was! He was looking in the wrong direction! He slewed round. No, of course he was looking back now; he was merely staring back on the way he had come. He had either lost his way or the Priory had vanished. But he couldn't have lost his way, he couldn't. And the Priory couldn't have vanished! What had come over him?

He went on. He began to turn hot and cold. His eyes were all right; he could still see the marshes. He called out aloud; he'd his tongue still. His ears were all right; he could hear those wildfowl in the distance. He could hear, and speak, and see; but he couldn't see the Priory.

What kind of a nightmare was this?

The house had disappeared!

TO BE CONTINUED



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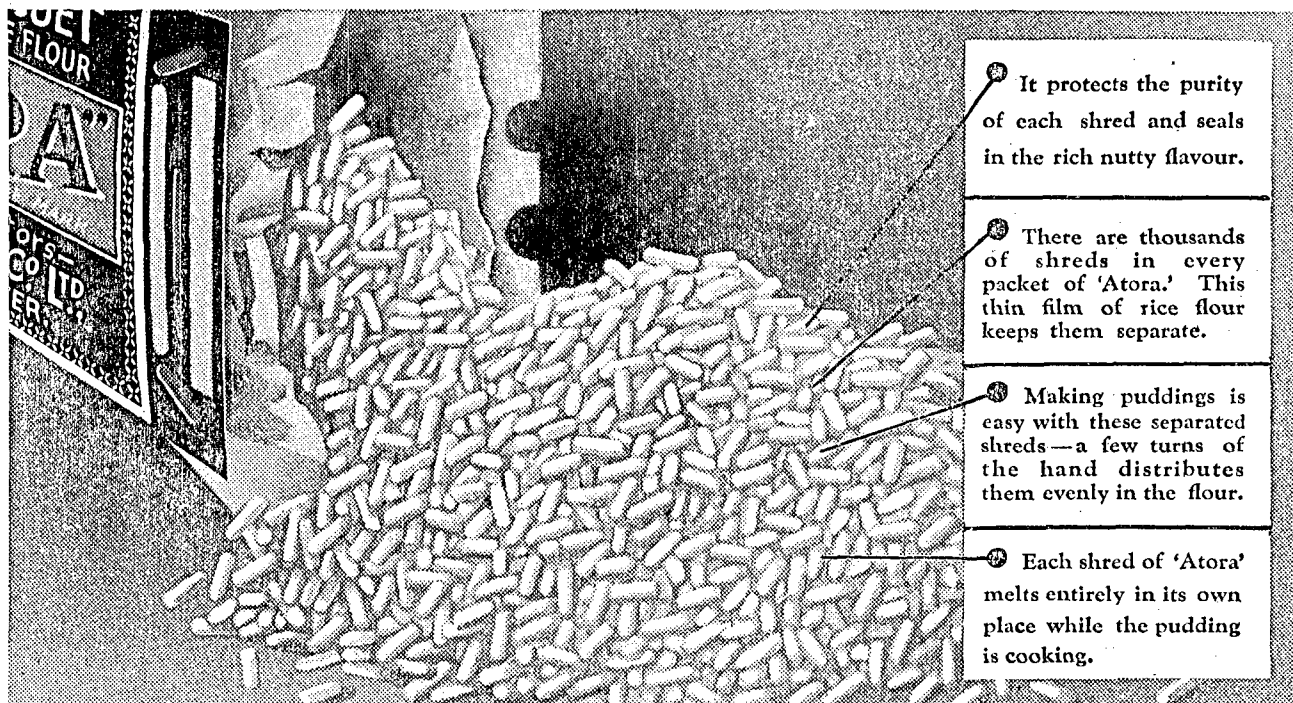
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GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. ★ They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

Here's something new for you—
Wilkin's
REDBOY NUT ROLLS
ASSORTED (5 varieties)

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 6, 1935

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Many Countries in One

How many countries are contained in the name UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?

Tunis, for example, can easily be seen, but there are certainly more than a dozen, and the result will probably surprise you. Some of the biggest countries in the world are included. *Answer next week*

Overheard at the Opera

BILL: I prefer Wagner to any of the others.

Jane: Why?

Bill: Because his music is about the only kind you can hear above the conversation.

Dr Fell

NEXT Wednesday is the anniversary of the death of Dr John Fell in 1686. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became dean of the college, vice-chancellor of the university, and Bishop of Oxford. He did much good work, but he is chiefly remembered for the verse:

I do not love thee, Dr Fell;

The reason why I cannot tell,

But this I know, and know full well,

I do not love thee, Dr Fell.

These lines are attributed to Thomas Brown, who saved himself from expulsion by composing them extempore. Brown became a satirical poet and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

You Can't Do This

HERE is a little trick which you might first of all try yourself and then ask a friend to do. Hold one of your hands right out with the palm upward. Then place the thumb in the middle of the palm and close the fingers over it. Next tuck the hand under the armpit and withdraw the thumb. All this is easy, but try to put the thumb back again in the palm of the hand. You can get about halfway toward doing this, but you simply cannot place the thumb where it was at first.

Ici On Parle Français

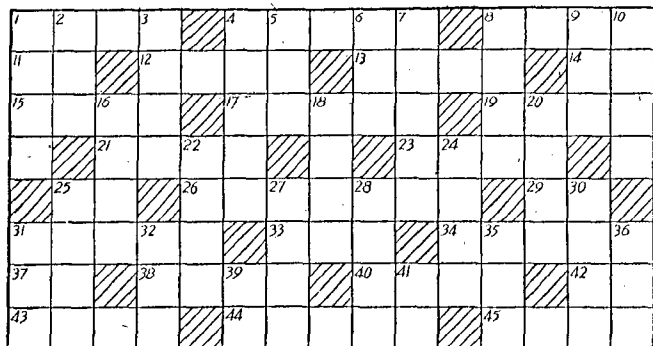


Le fourgon de livraison s'arrête. Vous ferez attention aux vipères. La visière du casque est baissée.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

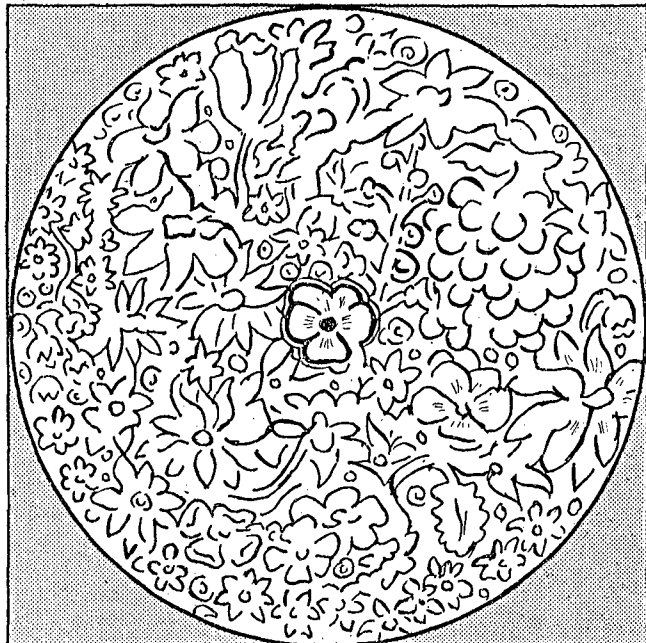
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. The answer will appear next week.

Reading Across. 1. The heart of an apple. 4. Heats. 8. A thick cord. 11. French for the. 12. Quarter of an acre. 13. Pertaining to the air. 14. Automobile Association.* 15. Cupid's other name. 17. Circular. 19. Helps. 21. A plague. 23. Jewels. 25. Myself. 26. Follows lightning. 29. French for the. 31. The Israelites in the wilderness of Arabia were fed on this. 33. Jovial. 34. An imaginary model of perfection. 37. Ounce.* 38. Spoken, not written. 40. The old plural of cow. 42. Compass point. 43. A raw hide. 44. Emblems 45. A short letter.



Reading Down. 1. A ball of thread. 2. Propels a boat. 3. Gaelic. 4. Value. 5. Bustle. 6. A human being. 7. Grass plant growing in marshes. 8. To wander. 9. A cushion. 10. Comfort. 16. Free of access. 18. A bone of the forearm. 20. Land surrounded by water. 22. A heavenly body. 24. Ireland. 25. A labyrinth. 27. Has qualities opposite to beauty. 28. A ditch. 30. Where the Sun rises. 31. Used for cleaning floors. 32. Negative. 33. Wild animal's lair. 36. The quarter toward which the wind blows. 39. Denotes contiguity. 41. Exists.

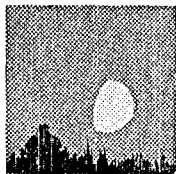
A Floral Maze



STARTING at the space at the bottom of this design, trace your way with a pencil to the flower at the centre.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is in the West, Mars is in the South-West, and Jupiter is in the South. In the morning Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, July 10.



Stop Him and Buy One

PETER: May I have twopence for a man who is crying out in the street?
MOTHER: Certainly, sonny. What is he crying about?
Peter: Cream ices, twopence each!

Smith

THERE are now more English-speaking people named Smith than of any other name, and the reason is that this surname, originally given as a description (John the Smith), was applied indiscriminately to all workers, or smiths, in metal. Thus the descendants of blacksmiths, tin-smiths, locksmiths, silversmiths, and so on, are nearly all Smiths today.

Anagram Puzzle

THE letters in the following phrase spell the names of two well-known games.

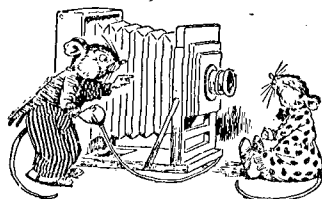
KNIT NICE CREST

Answer next week

Doomed

THE criticisms of the new play were not at all friendly. One writer said it was like a sick horse. Asked what he meant the critic replied, "It can't run and it can't draw."

Smile, Please!



COULD you unbend a little, madam? I am afraid that pose is too severe.

What Am I?

THOUGH ocean disowns me, I sit on the sea;
I reside in the forest, but not on the tree;
I fly with the breezes, but not with the gale;
And though at the base of a mountain I dwell
Yet never am I to be found in the vale.
I'm not in the metal, whatever its kind,
Yet me in Silurian silver you'll find;
I'm in frost and in snow, but I am not in ice;
In sunshine and summer and spring I rejoice.
Though not in the garden, yet still I repose
In the green summer bowers, on the breast of the rose;
I'm in the past, I'm in present, in base, and sublime,
But not in eternity, neither in time;
Although both with angels and mortals I'm found,
I was never in heaven, nor on earthly ground. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Old is Mary? 13.

Riddle in Rhyme. Teapot.

Guess This. Wheel, heel, eel.

What Am I? Wheelbarrow.

Upside Down and Reversed

Upside down shop blind, door, and number, letter-box, beacon, bus destination board, flag, clock. Reversed bus number and weather-vane. Traffic on wrong side of street. Bus stairs and door on wrong side and headlights in rear. Policeman's duty-band on wrong arm. Door opening on to footpath.

Tales Before Bedtime

Roger Catches the Thief

NICHOLAS and Roger were camping with Uncle Stephen. This was the first year Roger had been allowed to go, because his mother had always said he was too small, so you may imagine how excited he was.

They used to cook their meals over a wood fire, and Roger thought that washing-up in a tent was lovely. After tea they went up the river, and Uncle Stephen would catch fish for supper. Then they would bring home the fish and all go off to the farm, which was a mile away, for their letters, or milk, or butter.

One day when they came back to cook the supper they found the fish had vanished; not a trace of it anywhere. The next day the same thing happened. They were very puzzled.

"I wonder if it's a weasel," said Uncle Stephen; "there can't be any cats near."

"I think it's owls," said Nicholas.

"I think it's Red Indians," said Roger; "there's an encampment of them in that wood. I'll shoot them with my bow and arrow."

The next evening their uncle hung the fish on a line.

"I don't think the thief'll get them there!" he said.

When Nicholas and Uncle Stephen went off to the farm Roger begged to be left behind; he wanted to stalk the Red Indians, he said. So as soon as they had gone Roger got the bow and arrows Uncle Stephen had made him and lay down in the long grass where he could watch the fish.

He had to wait a long time, and he was getting very stiff when he saw something move in the grass on the other side of the tent.

A big black cat came out and went straight up to the line where the fish was hung. It was trying to climb the post when Roger shot an arrow at it.

He wasn't a very good shot and didn't hit the cat; but it frightened it, and Pussy leaped away into the grass. In a minute Roger was up and had caught it.

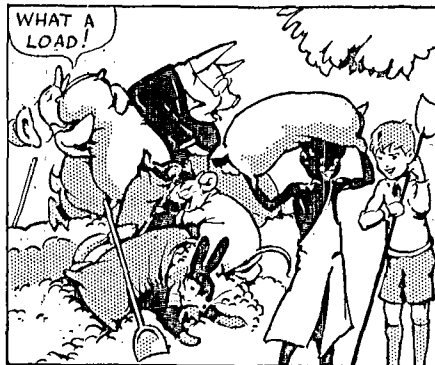
"Ha! You're my prisoner now," he said, putting it in an empty crate, and sitting on the side. "You've got to stay there till the others come back."

Uncle Stephen laughed when he saw the cat.

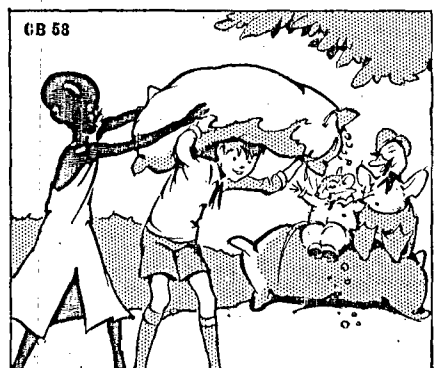
"Why, it's the farm cat!" he cried. "So even if you haven't caught a Red Indian, Roger, you've caught the thief. Let's give the prisoner some milk before we take it back to its home."

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

Off to Market



The crop of cocoa beans has been dried. Now hurry up, Cococubs! We're off to market with our beans! Everybody is busy shovelling the beans into big bags.



Sambo showed the Cococubs how the native men and women carry their bags of beans. It looked quite easy. The natives walk for miles with the heavy bags.



Jonathan's going to do the same. He'll walk, no lorry for him! Unfortunately the bag had not been tied properly. Instead of carrying beans, Jonathan was nearly buried in them!

All Boys & Girls love

CADBURY'S

Milk Chocolate

Look out for further African adventures